

**SENIOR ISSUE**  
**MAY** *of* **1919**

**The PIVOT**



**CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL**  
**•NEWARK•NJ•**



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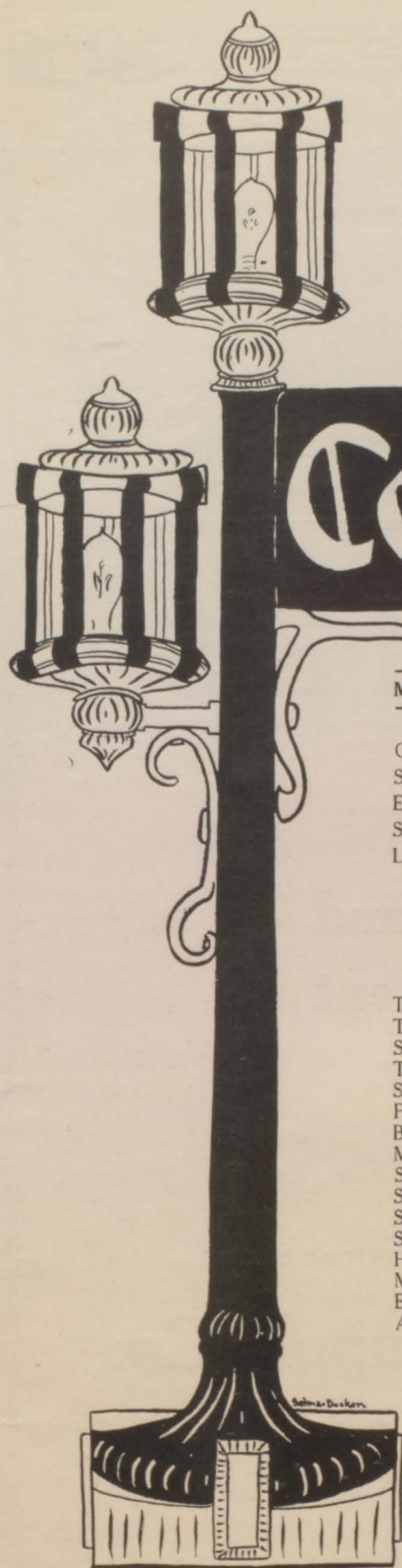
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I AM IN THE PIVOTAL

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## THE SENIOR PIVOT BOARD



NEWARK, N. J., MAY, 1919

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office, Newark, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Contributions are earnestly solicited from students. All such must be in the editor's hand by the tenth of the month.

VOL. XIII

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 4

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### APOLOGIES

In the April issue of *THE PIVOT* there appeared a story, written supposedly by Ruth Greenfield, a 1A student. *THE PIVOT* board has discovered, since the publication of the story, that this was written by Eleanor Cobb, of South Side, and was published in *The Optimist* in January, 1915. *THE PIVOT* regrets this incident very much, and offers its sincere apologies to *The Optimist*.

To the young girl who handed the story to the teacher as an original composition, we should like to say this: You have subjected Central to a great deal of adverse criticism; you have made *THE PIVOT* an object of sneering remarks and have stained its former irreproachable character. Besides these wrongs to the school there is the greater wrong to yourself. Your action is perhaps the result of immature reasoning. Before you are tempted to such dishonorable conduct again, reflect carefully. Look beyond the mark that you receive for a clever story and weigh that mark with the inevitable harsh results and you will see, clearly, that it does not pay—that morality is wisdom.

### THE OPTIMIST

He remembers yesterday's sunshine while you frown at today's storms. He knows that the calm will usually follow the turmoil. He always manages to find a bright spot in the gloom—a star trying to shine through the clouds. He aims higher than he strikes, and thereby hits a fairer mark than if he aimed lower. He sketches with the pencil of imagination, and even if he seldom builds his towers as high as his plans he leaves the foundation with which another generation can complete the undertaking.

He's the optimist—the man who believes he can do things. He may fail time and time again; but he fails in his work and not in himself. He believes in himself, and with that belief fertilizes his effort until it blossoms with results. The general who thinks that he can win his battle does more with his optimism than with his cannons.

Anything is possible to the man who believes that nothing is impossible. He makes good oftener than the pessimist. He can never see failure because the golden sun of ambition is always shining in his face, blinding his eyes to the impossibilities. The optimist is the one who takes the most hopeful view in all matters. Seniors, be optimists!

### PRAISE FOR THE APRIL PIVOT

(From Charles H. Smith, President of the June, '16, Class, and Editor of June, '16's, Senior *PIVOT*.)

THETA NU EPSILON  
Mu Chapter

531 RIVER STREET,  
HOBOKEN, N. J.,  
April 28, 1919.

Mr. William Lewin,  
Central High School,  
Newark, N. J.

Dear Mr. Lewin:

Saturday I received a pleasant surprise in the form of the April number of *THE PIVOT*. Will you please convey my thanks to the sender?

In looking over this issue I notice that many new improvements have been inaugurated since 1916, when I was a member of the board.

The increase in the number of cuts and pictures and the new departmental headings certainly give added value and interest to the paper. Also the increase of from thirty-two to forty pages of material, including ten pages of ads, is indicative of financial prosperity.

On the whole, the general makeup is better than ever.

Allow me to congratulate those responsible for the changes and please accept my best wishes for continued success.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES H. SMITH, June, '16.



## GRADUATION

For a lot of us, our graduation from high school marks our final acquaintance with an institution of learning. It is the jumping-off place. Our next world is the business world and we go out into it fully or only partially equipped, depending upon the degree of intensity to which we have applied ourselves during our high school life. If it is the latter, let our timidity be a warning to those who follow in

our wake. But the majority of us are equipped and will know no timidity.

Spring, and the graduation of the class of June, '19, occur simultaneously. Is it a good omen, or merely a coincidence? It should be a good omen. This is the springtime of our lives.

Let us step out confidently and tread the new paths with the sure step of youth and the optimism of springtime forever in our hearts.

## Service Notes

### PERCY BULGER WRITES FROM FRANCE



*Percy Bulger, 1st Battalion, Hdq. Det., 312th Inf., Co. D, Intelligence Section, American Expeditionary Force.*

"Our division (the 78th) was reviewed by General Pershing a few days ago. The Chief Commander gave the boys a great send off. The 78th passes into the hands of the S. O. S. and consequently out of the A. E. F. on April 6th. This means that we are subject to leave our area any day, and start our journey home. We leave here not later than April 16th. We sail for the U. S. early in May. All arrangements are being completed for the move, and Sir Percival is ready right now. A fellow feels great to be just on the verge of starting for home, after he has been 5,000 miles away and in a foreign land for nearly a year."

Supply Co. 323, Q.M.C.,  
Base Section No. 4, S.O.S., A.E.F.,  
A. P. O. 760,  
Le Havre, France.  
April 17, 1919.

To THE PIVOT Staff:

I am in receipt of THE PIVOT for March. It was very interesting, I can assure you, as it made me feel as though I was back at dear Central High School again.

I wish to thank you for your kindness in sending me THE PIVOT each month. I hope before long I will be able to read the paper back in dear old Newark instead of France.

Trusting to see you all in the near future, and thanking you again for your kind consideration, I remain

Sincerely yours,

LEWIS LEFKOWITZ.

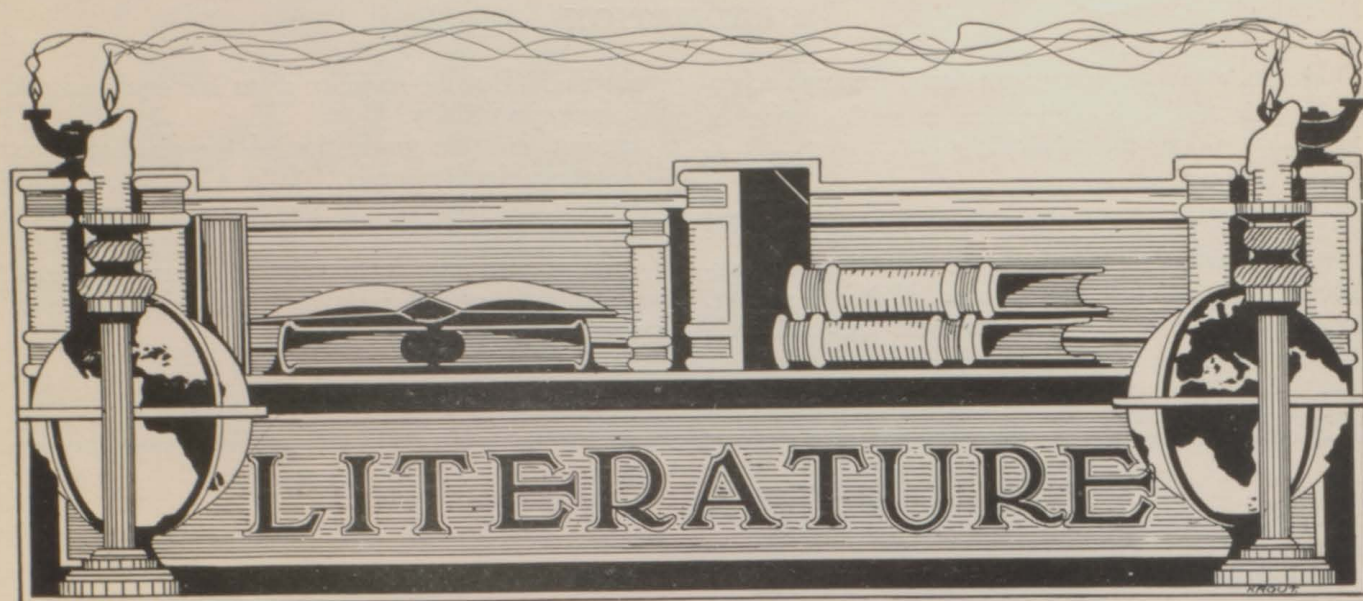
P. S.—Kindly extend my best regards to Prof. Wiener and also to Prof. McMillan.

Sergeant Frank A. Williams, Central, June, '12, and Harvard, '16, recently returned with the 155th Infantry. He enlisted at New Orleans, where he was engaged in the piano business, and after five months' training went to France, where he saw seven months of service.

If any of the students know of Central girls who are or who have been in any branch of the service, be it army, navy, marine or welfare work, please give their names to any member of the PIVOT Board so that these stars may be added to Central's service flag.



I AM IN THE PIVOT



# The REASON

By SAMUEL PRESSER

JEROME HOWARD looked at his watch, yawned, reached for his hat and prepared to leave the office.

He was a tall, lithe young chap; keen-eyed, square-jawed and broad shouldered. His dark brown hair had a curly wave and was combed straight back.

After his graduation from college he had opened an office as an attorney-at-law. He had not been very successful at first but, after a few cases, had become one of the leading attorneys in the county.

His hobby was sleuthing and by this he had uncovered many facts in several of his cases which would otherwise never have come to light.

"About time to call it a day's work, Miss Graham," he said to the young girl who acted as his stenographer. She was small and dainty. Her deep blue eyes and her frank smile instinctively made you like her. She wore her black hair in a loose coil which hung low, offsetting and emphasizing the pure whiteness and beauty of her throat.

She smiled at her employer as she nodded, without stopping her work. "Just a moment, Mr. Howard. This will be finished soon and must go out tonight. Your signature is necessary."

Jerome grimaced at the delay and went back to his chair to wait. During the delay he thought of the events of the past few months. He went back to the

memorable day, April 6, when this country entered the Great War. The town had been agog with excitement. Men and boys had enlisted rapidly until only a few were left. These consisted mainly of boys who were too young, men who were too old, or those who were not physically qualified. One of the few to remain behind was Jerome Howard. His reasons for staying were known to himself only.

He smiled bitterly as he thought of the criticism and sneers he had received; how the people who had been his best friends for years had turned their backs, and shunned him. Even his fiancée, Genevieve Wahlen, the daughter of "Old Man" Wahlen, the mayor, had refused to be seen in his company and had given back the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only a few months before.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A sheaf of papers were placed in front of him, ready for his signature. He looked up at the girl and smiled rather wistfully.

She knew what had been going through his mind. She had been the only one in the town who had refused to criticise Jerome for his "Unpatriotism," as they called it. She resented this criticism because she believed it to be untrue. She did not know of the reason which had caused him to remain behind but, as she told her friends, it would have to be a good



## THE PRIVATE

one to keep a man like Jerome Howard out of a man's war like this one.

She put on her hat and went out. Just as she reached the street the whistle of the huge ammunition plant blew and a stream of girls poured forth with only a few men amongst them. Grace stopped and watched the familiar faces as they hurried by.

Suddenly her gaze was caught by two strange masculine faces. She looked intently at the two men and noted their foreign, military bearing.

As she stared at them Jerome came out of the building and they walked down the street together. As they walked she told him of the two strangers and of her uneasy premonitions regarding their presence in the huge ammunition plant. Jerome laughed away her uneasiness and said that they were probably only honest laborers who wanted to do "their bit" by working in an ammunition plant.

After he had seen Grace home, Jerome immediately set out for the ammunition plant and succeeded in getting the superintendent to give him some information regarding the two foreigners. He learned that they were two German-Americans whose names were Bauer and Brenner. They had applied for positions and had furnished the best of references from an ammunition plant in Cartersville.

The next morning Howard did not show up at his office at the usual time. At twenty minutes to eleven his secretary became alarmed, as he had a big case at eleven-thirty at Jones Junction, which was ten miles from Medford. She called up his residence and was told that he had not been in all night but that this was not strange as it happened frequently. Eleven-thirty came and still Jerome did not appear. Miss Graham tried several places without success and finally gave it up in despair.

Several days went by before Jerome appeared at the office again. He walked in as if he had not been absent at all and waded into his work as if there had been no time for it to accumulate.

Late that afternoon he called Miss Graham to his desk and told her that he would have to dispense with her services in the office. He smiled at the look of dismay that passed over her face.

"I am not dispensing with your services entirely, young lady," he said. "I think I remarked 'in the office.' If you care to accept the position, I am in need of someone to assist me in some special work I am doing. This person must be one I can trust and whom I know well. You would just fill the bill if you would accept. You have assisted me on several sleuthing jobs and I am sure you would like this work just as well."

"I am ready to listen to your proposition," was her answer.

"Very well, listen carefully. Tomorrow morning go to the employment office at the ammunition plant and apply for a position in the shell loading department, where you will be given a bench near the two

foreign fellows you noticed the other day. I want you to keep your eyes and ears open and overhear as much as you can of what they have to say. If you should happen to hear anything against me, disregard it. If, by any chance, I should disappear address a letter to me in care of the General Delivery Department of the Jones Junction postoffice; that is, if you have overheard anything which you think might interest me. As soon as this job is finished I will want you back in the office again."

"I regret greatly that I have to leave this position even temporarily and will be glad to come back to it after this job is finished. I will do my best at it, Mr. Howard, and will report according to your instructions if I hear anything."

They left the office and walked slowly to the street. They separated at the entrance to the building, Grace hurrying to her home while Jerome cut across town.

That night Jerome Howard disappeared from Medford. He had been seen boarding the 7:30 train for Morgantown and he was not back in Medford for some time.

The next morning a tall young man with a light brown beard and mustache entered the employment office of the ammunition plant. He gave his name as Barton and asked to see the employment manager. After a great deal of wrangling the clerk finally consented to pass him into the inner office. Barton held only a few minutes' conversation with the manager, who then told the clerk to place him as an assistant foreman in the loading department.

Barton was a likable fellow and soon made friends. Among the first to cultivate his friendship were Bauer and Brenner. He was often seen conversing with them, although none of the other workers would talk to them. He also seemed to like the company of Grace Graham and often escorted her home after working hours.

Grace had watched the two men very carefully, but had not been able to see or overhear anything of any interest. Up to the day that Barton came their conversation had been general.

A few days later, however, Grace heard them conversing in low tones with many side glances to see whether anyone could overhear them.

"Well, Bauer, he has arrived and it is time for us to get to work. We will meet him to-night at Russell's Inn and there we will form our plans for the work ahead of us."

"Ja, I think that Barton is just the man for us. We can use him to our advantage. He has brains and is also strong."

Grace was troubled over this conversation. She had come to like Barton and now she found out that he was hand in glove with these aliens. She did not doubt now that they were about to commit some treacherous deed, but had no inkling of what it was,



## THE PRIVATE

She wished that Jerome Howard were there. He could advise her as to her action. She deliberated over her course during the day, but arrived at a decision only when the whistle blew. She decided quickly and was determined that she would follow out her plan.

She quickly went to her house and changed to a dark blue suit. She then caught a trolley out of town and alighted in front of Russell's and entered timidly. Looking around her she saw that the place was still practically deserted. It was too early for the revelers and only a few were sitting at the tables. A waiter hurried forward and she chose a table near the aisle and sat down facing the rear of the room.

At the end of the room was a large mirror. This she watched closely for the appearance of the persons she expected. Time went slowly and she thought that her trip had been in vain when, at ten-thirty, the men had not appeared.

Suddenly her heart leaped. The three men came in and were met at the door by a fourth. The latter escorted them to the rooms above the ground floor.

Grace's spirits sank as suddenly as they had risen. She could not follow the men. She did not know to which room they had gone. Still she decided to wait for their reappearance and to follow them.

About half an hour later the three men came down and sat at a table near Grace. None of them noticed her and she studiously kept her face averted. She bit her lip in vexation. She had failed to find out what the plans of the three men were. She had come to this place in vain. Suddenly she heard the low murmur of voices from the conspirators' table and tried to catch what they were saying.

"Ja, it must be to-night," she heard Bauer saying. Then his voice was lowered and she could only catch certain words. "Not home to-night—must act—get away."

Then she heard Barton talking. It seemed he was remonstrating with the others. He talked in a low tone of voice and she could not hear what he was saying.

Brenner then started. He was evidently excited and his voice rose so that Grace could hear plainly what he was saying.

"Haf I not said that it will to-night be?" she could hear him ask. "We haf already too much time wasted. We must get to work now. This job must be completed by to-morrow morning. Der train leafs the station by half-past seven and we must make that train or take a chance of being caught."

Bauer had been gesturing to him to lower his voice and now growled something to him in German. Brenner immediately subsided. The three men called the waiter, paid their check and left the place. Grace followed them. When the three had reached the open they entered a high-powered car that was standing near the entrance, and with a roar they were off.

Grace looked wildly about in hopes of seeing some vehicle in which she could hope to follow the high-powered car. Her eyes alighted on a high-powered racing car that was a little distance down the road. A young man was just getting into it and the engine was already working.

"Wait!" she cried, as she darted down the road. The young man paused in astonishment with one foot on the step and waited for her to come up to him.

"Will you follow that car?" she asked, as she indicated the fast receding lights. She explained her suspicions regarding the men and the young man quickly agreed to help Grace follow the men.

A roar, a flash of lights, and they were out on the open highway. The driver urged the car to greater and greater speed. They did not seem to gain on the car ahead of them. The needle of the speedometer pointed 80 miles. Slowly it crept up to the 100 mark. They fairly hurtled along the road about a half-mile in the rear of the other car.

Then suddenly the red lights ahead of them disappeared. The driver immediately slowed down and, at the point where they had last seen the lights, stopped.

The road forked at this point. Which branch had the conspirators taken? No lights were visible on either road. Suddenly from the road to the right came a report as of a shot and then another from one of their front wheels. The young man swore softly under his breath.

"Fine shooting," he admitted grudgingly. "Blew out one of our tires. Our lights gave them a mark to shoot at and they succeeded."

They heard the other party get under way once more while the young fellow was tinkering around changing the front wheel.

A few moments later they were off again. Once more, in the distance, they could see the red lights of the other car. This time there were not any stops.

They flashed through several small towns and then Morganstown loomed in the distance. The driver with Grace urged his car to its greatest speed and slowly they drew up on the other car.

Then they were in the limits of the city and had to slow down. They were only about half a block in the rear now.

The conspirators chose a crooked way across town. Around corners both cars tore. The men in the other car now evidently had no thought of being followed again; they were pretty sure that they had stopped their pursuers, and did not think anything of this small racer drawing up on them. They stopped their car in front of a large house on one of the quieter streets and stole to the back of the building.

Grace had the young man stop the car some distance from the house and they went after the men.

"Have you a gun?" whispered Grace to her companion.

"There is one in the car," he answered. "Wait here and I will get it."



## THE PIVOT

He ran back to the car and returned in a few minutes with an automatic in his hand.

They went quietly to the back of the house. One of the windows was open. They crept in noiselessly and listened for a sound of the men. Then a board creaked on the other side of the door. The men were coming into the room!

Grace and her companion quietly stepped behind the curtains again and waited breathlessly. The door opened and the three men entered, Barton in the lead. He did not seem to be the same man. His shoulders sagged, his eyes looked tired and in spite of herself, Grace pitied this big, tired-looking man.

Barton walked across the room and removed a picture hanging on the wall. Cleverly set in the wall was the door of a safe. He started to turn the knob slowly, his ear against the door, evidently listening to the click of the falling bearings. He worked slowly. Several times he had to start over again, having slipped by his mark. Then, with an ejaculation, he turned the knob.

He stepped back to allow the others to get to the safe. Just as Bauer touched the door, Barton whipped upon him.

"Throw up your hands and keep them there," was his crisp remark. "Back up against the wall." In each hand was a blue automatic, one pointing at each conspirator.

As the two traitors backed towards the wall, Brenner seemed to stumble. He fell forward and an instant later had pinioned Barton's arms to his side. Bauer joined his companion and the three men fought and rolled over the entire room. Grace decided to take a hand at this stage of the game. She took the revolver from her companion and, stepping out from her hiding place, said calmly:

"Spare the rest of the furniture, gentlemen. Line up against the wall where you can do no more damage. Step quickly!" This last sharply as they hesitated. They decided to do as Grace requested when her companion stepped out and picked up the guns which Barton had dropped in the scuffle.

Grace requested the young man to call the officer they had seen at the corner. As he turned to go to the window, Bauer was on him, while Brenner grasped the girl. Barton seemed stupefied at their activity while guns were pointing at them.

Brenner wrenched the gun out of the girl's hand and turned to help Bauer. He rapped the young man on the head with the butt of the gun and that young person knew nothing of the rest of the fracas.

Brenner then turned to leer at Grace. "Ah," he said, gloatingly; "the pretty young fraulein from the shop, is it not? We are very honored to have you with us. We will show you how we entertain pretty young ladies." He advanced while he spoke. Grace retreated, but with one bound he had grasped her in his arms.

He had hardly touched her when he heard a bull-like roar and turned to see one hundred and eighty pounds of muscle coming at him. He released Grace and stepped back. He had not completed his step when he was lifted off his feet and unceremoniously deposited at the other side of the room, where he lay motionless.

Barton then turned his attention to Bauer. The latter was intent on his get-away. He ran to the window, but swore fluently when he found a man pointing a revolver at him. He darted to the door and into an officer's arms. There was a click and he was handcuffed.

"It's all over, Bauer, so be good for a little while," said Barton. He laughed and added, "It will be a long while before you will be able to do any mischief again."

He bent tenderly over the form of the young man who had been Grace's companion.

"Are you badly hurt, Jimmy?" they heard him ask.

Jimmy chose this moment to open his eyes and mournfully ask, "What hit me? Is it all over?"

Barton helped Jimmy to his feet and made him sit down. He then bade Grace and the officers to also be seated. When they were all placed he excused himself and left the room.

A few minutes later Jerome Howard emerged from the room into which Barton had gone.

"You!" gasped Grace. "Oh, Jerome, how glad I am that you are here." Neither noticed that she had used his first name.

"In a few minutes you will know how I happen to be here."

He seated himself and began his story:

"When this country entered the war I was criticized a great deal and called a 'slacker.' I had not gone to fight for my country and had become a social outcast to be sneered at and shunned. But I had a reason for staying at home. I had seen that war could not be averted and I knew my work had to be hastened. I was working on a gas which was to be ten times the strength of that used by the Boche. At last I succeeded, as shown by an experiment used on a cat a few days ago.

"The Huns' secret service somehow learned of my work and dispatched two of their most trustworthy agents to obtain the formula. They did not, however, reckon with our Secret Service, which had a spy planted in their midst. In this way Washington knew all of their plans almost as soon as the traitors themselves. We also knew that a third man was to be sent to help the two already on the job. This third man was waylaid and in his place a young man, whom you know as Barton, came.

"I had kept informed as to the latest activities of all of these people and at last it became necessary for me to disappear from Medford. Before going I assigned Miss Graham to watch Bauer and Brenner.



# THE PIVOT

She secured a position in the same department and watched them carefully.

"The day after my disappearance, Barton applied for and obtained a position at the plant. He made the two aliens believe he was the man sent to help them. They believed him and took him into their confidence.

"At last the time came for these traitors to strike. They took Barton with them and went to the roadhouse. Grace was already waiting. She thought she was unobserved, but Barton had noticed her. He did not, however, say anything to his companions.

"When they left the roadhouse Grace followed them. She did not think it strange to find the other car in front of the house, not knowing it had been put there just to enable her to pursue the conspirators. She did not know that the driver was my brother Jimmy, who had been summoned from college to help me. Still she did not hesitate, but followed.

"You know what happened then. Barton succeeded in deceiving the traitors so well that they did not think it strange when he opened the safe without any trouble. It is evident that, along with other qualities, they thought he possessed the knack of safe-cracking. They did not know that he had the combination from me.

"Grace came on the scene at just the right moment and everything ended splendidly.

"The traitors did not know that, even had they succeeded in getting what was in the safe, they would never have gone beyond the door, if they got as far as that. The only thing in that safe is a small box containing enough gas to have killed them almost instantly had they opened it. If they had not opened it and tried to get away, the house was surrounded. They were caught either way.

"But as it is, we have no charge against them except breaking and entering with intent to rob. But I will give them a chance to write a confession of their espionage."

He turned to Bauer and Brenner and said: "I will

give you two five minutes in which to write your confessions. If, in that time, they are not complete, we will leave the room, having tied you, and release the gas in this box. Will you write?"

They refused and Jerome drew his watch and counted off the minutes. At last time was up. The traitors were tied and the others left the room, Howard remaining in the doorway, box in his hand. His hand went to the cover.

Bauer screamed, "Vait, ve vill write the confessions."

A few moments later Jerome handed the detective the two signed confessions. The latter said, "I would like to ask you just one question, Mr. Howard. Who was Barton?"

Jimmy and Jerome both roared with laughter. When they had quieted Jerome said, "Can't you guess how I know all of the facts of this case?"

"Why, you were Barton!" burst from Grace, as she gazed at him in astonishment.

The detective was stupefied and at first all he could muster was, "Well, I'll be d——d!" Then, turning to Bauer and Brenner: "Come on, you scum. You needn't feel sore at being caught. You were captured by a cleverer man than most of our Secret Service men are. You surely ought to become a detective, Mr. Howard. They'd make you a lieutenant in a few months."

"I am fairly satisfied with my own business, but in a case like this I could not help turning detective. I think you could give the officers a lift to the jail and take these traitors with you, Jimmy."

After they were gone, Jerome cleared up some points in Grace's mind. After everything was clear he asked her a very important question and received a very satisfactory answer.

Jimmy suddenly poked his head in the door, some time later, and withdrew it as suddenly. He coughed violently and, after waiting a discreet minute, entered.

"I want to introduce to you the future Mrs. Howard, Jimmy," was Jerome's greeting.

## THE SEA: A SONNET

'Tis oft my thoughts turn to the mystic sea,  
That, ever-shifting, reaches for the moon,  
That mirror-surface, placid as can be,  
As far as eye can see is changed full soon.  
And there, revealed before the startled eye,  
A roaring mass of billows, flecked with foam,  
Wind-lashed and frenzied dashes madly by,  
And chaos reigns o'er Neptune's briny home.

Thou sea, thou false enchantress, with thy lure,  
Hast reft from men their heritage of power  
And cast them from thee, broken, old and poor.  
But mark it well, with every passing hour  
Thy buffets are but urges to the skill  
Of men to bend thy spirit to their will.

GEORGE FREIBOTT

## SPRING: A SONNET

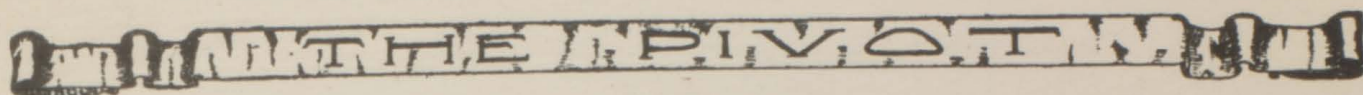
(Selected from a Set of 3A English Exercises.)

O, Spring, come back! We need you more and more:  
The snow-capped trees are yearning for you so,  
They call and call for you, but at your door  
Stands Winter, your inevitable foe.  
And we, the flowers, call and beckon, too:  
O come, and do not let us call in vain—  
You give us everything that's good and true;  
Therefore we love you. Cheerily come again.

You bring the distant sun whose face we love,  
And then we watch the sunbeams at their play:  
Happy they are when your sweet spirits move  
To teach them how to dance, sing, and be gay:  
Oh joyous Spring, but listen to our plea;  
Arise and watch how happy we can be.

ESTELLE BOHRER.





# THE PIVOTEER

[An Imitation of Addison's Spectator]

Vol. IV, No. 4

May, 1919

*"Come, let me clutch thee."*—SHAKESPEARE

The Diploma's the thing. And thou should'st know, as we grasp it, that our Touch is not particularly Tender. Nay, it is firm unto a vicious Clutch, for we desire it not to make Wings for itself and betake its precious Scroll to other Climes. We have labored hard and long to get It. Ask us not, "Now that you've got It, what are you going to do with It?" for we know not ourselves. We have a vague, hazy Notion that as a Paper it is but a Scrap of Paper, but as a Proof of our untiring Efforts it is of Value beyond computing. So we guard It carefully and measure its Length and Breadth for a suitable Frame.

Ye Pivoteer gazeth on the rest of the Class of June, 1919, and thinketh it of worthy Note. We see Herman Honeyskin in his Place of Honor. Yea, for he sitteth in glory by the Side of Dashing Dot, while Harry Here-I-am occupies the Chair on her other Side. George Ginger and Sammy Say-So whisper in hoarse Voices as they endeavor to distinguish the Faces of their Friends beyond the glare of the Footlights. Postponed "Pertzie" murmurs, "Gee, these extra Six Months have flown." Ethel Ease giggles happily and pokes her Pal, Julie Josh-All, in the ribs. Hazel Hale-and-Hearty heaves in ecstasy as she ponders on the Beauties of the Diploma; and Nightschool Nelly also ponders, but less heavily, and thanks her lucky Stars she went to nite skule. Max Murder is wrapped in his customary

Gloom, which cannot be dispelled even by the Laughter-loving Robbie Restless, who positively bubbleth over. Our two best-looking Girls of the class, Lena Lovely and Ruth Ravishing, sit contentedly Side by Side. A short Distance away Sadie Skilful and Tilly Tally also whisper in subdued Voices.

Our Principal reads in clear Notes the names on the Diplomas. "Lily Listless"—and she undulates carefully to the Foreground and accepts her Reward gracefully. "Amelia Ambition, Esther Ever-ready," he continues. They press forward eagerly, followed by Hattie Handy and our Class President, Bustling Berkie. Saul Slow-boy, Philip Phast-boy, Gertrude Gush, Ruth Retiring, Frances Frizzy, Wandering Willie and Herbert Harrier follow in the Order named.

These, dear Reader, are all of the Senior Class that comes to our Mind immediately. If We have omitted some, blame us not, for the pile of Diplomas is growing smaller and we see our Name inscribed on the very last One. So We desire to stop our Story here for two Reasons. First, we wish to make as graceful an Exit as possible; and second (this is probably the main Reason), We know that when our Name is called We shall be extremely Nervous. Therefore it is Feasible that We have as little on our Mind as possible when the auspicious Moment finally arrives.

"S. S."

Mr. McKinney's boys had collected \$1,050 of subscriptions for the Fifth Liberty Loan when this issue of THE PIVOT went to press.

The basketball team wishes to extend its thanks to Miss Minna Liebschutz for her kind co-operation in the sale of tickets. Her name was unintentionally omitted from last month's issue.

***Be A Good Sport!***  
***Attend the Central-Barringer***  
***Game at the City Field.***



# JOCK'S NIGHT OUT

By DAVID BURNES

(Selected by Mr. B. J. Stolper from a Set of 24 Short-Stories.)

JOCK MCFEE, a cobbler in a small village on the Tay River in Scotland, had the name of being superstitious. All the people of the village accused him of not coming out after dark for the simple reason that he lived near the village burial grounds. One of the villagers, Jim Sanderson by name, especially liked to bother Jock about his superstition.

It happened one day about midsummer that Jim's shoes needed mending, so he walked over to Jock's shop to have them fixed. Jock was in a grouchy mood that day, for his work had all gone wrong, and when he saw Jim entering his shop, he gave a loud groan.

This was enough to start an argument, and Jim began it by saying:

"Hello, Jock, hae ye been takin' a dram or twa ower muckle that ye'er heid's batherin' ye, or what is it that's makin' ye groan sae loud?"

"It's enough tae mak' anybody groan tae see sic a big loon as ye are comin' intae their hoose," said Jock.

"Och awa, Jock," said Jim, "ye needna get riled sae quick when a freen' comes ower tae visit ye, but tae tell ye the truth ye look awfa' like as iff the de'el hae been visitin' ye last nicht."

"Guid sakes," said Jock, "dinna mention ma name wi' the de'el again or I'll rap ye ower the heid wi' ma hammer. A' the foulk in the toon say I'm scairt tae gang oot after dark, but I'll gie them something tae talk about, fur I'll stay a nicht in the burial grounds."

"If ye think y're sae brave, Jock, I'll wager ye a shillin' that ye dinna stay ony mair than half an 'oor i' the groonds," said Jim.

"A' richt, Jim," said Jock, "I'll tak' that wager, we the conditions that ye stop gaen oot wi' Jeannie McFarlin, for ye ken I like her mair than onybody in Scotland."

"What, me stop gaen oot wi' Jeannie?" said Jim. "Wha ever heard o' sich rot? Is't no' enough that ye hae the chance o' winnin' a shillin' fra me? An' mind ye, Jock, dinna you try ony courtin' wi' Jeannie, or I'll bash yer muckle face in."

This settled any doubts of Jeannie being concerned in the wager, so it was arranged that Jock should sit in the village burial grounds from 10 o'clock that night until dawn.

That night about five minutes to 10 Jock set out for the burial grounds. He took his hammer with him, for, as he stated it, "I micht need it, bein' oot in such a skeptical place a' nicht." Jock soon arrived at the burial grounds and, climbing a fence rather than have the villagers see him go in, he made his way to a little grass plot about the middle of the grounds. Here Jock sat down on a large stone which had probably marked the grave of some one sometime or other.

Soon Jock began to feel drowsy, and little by little his breathing deepened until sleep overcame him. When Jock awoke it was pitch dark. He rubbed his eyes, wondering where he was, then looked around. What he saw startled him. On all sides shadowy figures were stealing toward him. Jock at any time was not brave, but now he almost went frantic with fear. The hair on his head bristled and a chill ran down his back. His knees hit each other he shivered so, and in his mind he saw visions of himself lying dead with daggers stuck all over him. "Guid sakes," said Jock to himself, "why did I ever think o' comin' oot here the nicht? It micht be the last nicht I'm livin' and I didna even say guid nicht tae Jeannie. What will she say iff I'm foond deid the morn's mornin'! I wonder iff she'll greet when she sees me a cut up? Och! I wish I niver had thought o' comin' here the nicht."

In his bewilderment Jock had been gazing at the ground, but now he raised his eyes to see how near the demons were. To his surprise he could see nothing but gravestones around him.

Jock chuckled to himself and thought how scared he had been, but this was soon brought to an end when he saw two bright orbs staring at him. Jock could not imagine what they could belong to. Then a thought flashed through his mind as his cheerfulness left him and he again began to shiver. "What if it's the de'el come tae claim me?" This thought gave him the creeps and his hair bristled again. Then the orbs moved nearer, and Jock, already startled, jumped to his feet. The orbs stopped for a minute, then began to move forward again. Jock tried to stop his fear by saying in a loud, shrill voice, "Ye'll hae tae be michty smart tae catch Jock McFee, for I can beat onybody between here and Dundee at runnin'." As if to put action to his words, Jock



# THE PIVOT

turned and started to run, but he stumbled over the stone he had been sitting on and fell flat on his face. Instantly he was on his feet and started running again. Then from behind him came a screech, which to Jock was the most horrible he had ever heard in his life. "Meow-ow-ow-w-weow-w-w," it came, breaking the stillness of the air in an unearthly sound. This made Jock fly like the wind, but he was stopped suddenly by a white figure coming toward him. Jock gazed at the figure in bewilderment. He dropped his hands to his sides, and as he did so felt the hammer in his pocket. An idea came to him. He grasped the

hammer, and rushing at the figure with a yell, brought down that implement with all his strength on the vision's head, then ran for dear life toward home.

The next morning Jim Sanderson had a big lump on his head. One of the villagers recollected having seen Jim walking toward the burial grounds the night before with a bundle under his arm. When Jock heard this he remembered the ghost he had hit on the head, and told the story, and always after that when he told the story he would end by saying, "An' it's awfu' uncanny that Jim Sanderson had a beg lump on his heid the next mornin'."

## THE GREAT CENTRAL MEET BY MAXINE HEMMINDINGER

"Will it be all right for March 22nd, then?"

"Yes."

"At seven-thirty?"

"Yes."

That was all that was said; but what those words implied! It meant that She was going to the Great Central Meet—and with Him. The only things that were at that time informed of this wonderful happening were the doors, blackboards and desks in 110, because that was where the date was made. Consequently, it was up to Her to spread the thrilling news throughout Central.

That afternoon Gladys (that's the name of the girl who said yes, and who is to be our heroine) left school at one minute after three precisely, and by 3:16 had made arrangements with her dressmaker for the plans to be followed in the designing of her attire for the Meet.

Clifford (that's the name of the fellow who asked the boon for March 22nd, and who is our hero) left the building at 3:10, and by 3:25 had received Nat Levy's promise to furnish him with a complete outfit for the Great Night.

By the looks of things, you, gentle reader, may be led to think that this wonderful affair was to be held in a very short time from the hour our heroine received her bid.

It is not just for me to mislead you by their hasty actions, so I will tell you a little secret. The Meet was scheduled for March 22nd, and it was only March 10th.

You can judge for yourself what an important event in Gladys's life this was, when she, who never

departed from her dear school before four o'clock, had to bid the building good-bye directly after dismissal, and rush her order eleven days in advance.

The same applies to our hero, Clifford.

I have not the space nor the time to tell you of all the exciting moments the couple spent during the days that followed. But it will be wise to say that Gladys was shopping either here or in New York each day promptly after school, and that Central was alive with the news that the best-looking boy in school was taking the most popular girl. All eyes would be drawn magnetically to this famous couple—our hero and heroine, reader, on this eve of March 22nd.

Slowly but surely the day grew near. By the time Spring made her appearance, all plans for the Meet were going smoothly. But—before the day of March 21st was over, one girl's spirits were crushed.

That girl was Gladys. At seven-thirty that evening, just as she was thinking how stunning she would be looking at the same hour the coming night, the telephone rang. Convinced that Clifford's manly voice would be on the other end of the wire, Gladys answered the phone.

"Is Miss Gladys Eagleton in?" said a gruff voice.

"This is she speaking."

"This is the Fourth Precinct. A person was just brought in for breaking the traffic laws. He gave your name and address for assistance."

Gladys never knew how she managed to ask the question, "Do you mean you want bail?" but she remembered receiving the answer.

"Yes."

To raise the money was the question that now confronted our heroine. She knew that he had looked to



## IN THE PIVOT

her for help because his people were spending the winter at Lakewood. He needed her help. This was the night before the Meet.

When Gladys retired that night she had decided on her course of action.

Clifford would have to pay the penalty of speeding (it was his third offense) and spend Saturday in the precinct. She saw no way out of it. To raise the required money was impossible. But what about herself? Would she have to miss the Meet and spend a dull, solitary evening because Clifford had broken a law? No!

Reader, you may wonder how it is possible that a girl, the day of a great event, can find a partner for it, but our heroine did. I imagine she put on her sweetest smile and her cleverest party manners, and then found a boy—you know the rest. If you do not, you will be able to guess what happened when I say that on March 22nd, 1919, Gladys appeared at the Meet in her new dress and other new wearing apparel, but not with Clifford.

When the athletic part of the Meet was over and Central had carried away the highest honors, the band began to play. Immediately the huge floor of the Armory was flooded with dancing couples. Finally a novelty dance was announced.

In the middle of the next fox trot the lights were to be lowered, all were to change partners, and when the lights were re-lit, to dance with the new partner. (This didn't really happen at the Meet, but it is necessary for my story.)

The exciting dance came and soon the whole building was in semi-darkness. The signal was given to change partners, and when the lights went up, behold! Gladys was in the arms of Clifford!

How did it happen? Simple enough.

He had left his only diamond ring at the precinct for bail ten minutes before and rushed up to Sussex Avenue without his new togs for the occasion. But he was there! and that was all Gladys knew.

Our clever heroine paired her former escort with some friend of hers (you know how clever girls can arrange things) and spent the rest of the evening of March 22nd, as planned for weeks—with Clifford.

All Central is alive with the news now, and if you listen carefully you will hear them say:

"Even though his suit was his everyday one, and his hair was not plastered down tight for the Meet, his radiant face and happy smile counted for more than those incidentals, and helped to make them the most attractive couple there!"

# MAY TWENTY-NINTH

## BARRINGER

*versus*

## CENTRAL

Admission, G. O. Members, 10c

Non-members, 15c

Take the Bloomfield car direct to the City Field, Bloomfield and Roseville Avenues



# THE FLIGHT OF THE FATAL "FISH"

Act 1—Drawing room of Harry Hicks, Paris, N. J.

Act 2, Scene 1—Harry Hicks' back yard.

Scene 2—In the air above Paris, 2000 ft. up.

Act 3—Same air, immediately over London, N. J.

Time—Night.

Scenery, "props," etc., supplied by "S. S."

Dramatization by "S. S.," from the famous book by "S. S."

Director, manager, ticket agent, usher, janitor and orchestra—"S. S."

Audience composed by "S. S."

Dramatis Personae—"S. S."

## Act 1

(The Honorable Harry Hicks is seated to right of stage. Center is occupied by Pilot Patrick Penny-packer, an aviator.)

H. H.—"Pat, b'gum, d'ye know that yure action tew nite is a gonna clear my honor consid'able? Ever sincst Silas Slickshoe over t' London beat me in his durned ole Ford this summer I've a bin a itchin' tew git my vengince. Yew hev yure instruck-shuns and Gol Ding ye, ef yew don't carry 'em out I'll—— (his eyes gleamed maliciously) well, ye'll not git a red copper."

Pat—"Shure an' be gorry, yur wurd is law, I'm after tellin' ye." (He exits right stage.)

## Act 2—Scene 1

(Ordinary back yard. Usual accumulation of



farm implements and animals. Animals prevail. Dim outline of airship at rear, tied securely to the paling of the fence.)

Pat—"Ah, me trusted frind, Fish, we have in our kapein' a verry per-rillous mission. Shure, 'tis our lot to fly o'er the hame o' Slickshoe and wr-reck vengince." (Business of looking over "ship" and tight-ening up breech. Presently the roar of the motor fills the air and the animals take themselves off in terror. One cat lands on the running board, and as they are now twenty-five feet up and mounting steadily, is forced to seek refuge in the tonneau of the machine, where, all unknown to Pat, she sniffs around

on the trail of a mouse. Tiring of this she decides to explore further. She crouches for a spring and——)



## Scene 2

Pat—"Mither o' Moses, save me and take this clawin' divil off me head. Meow, is it? Shure an' never mind, Mither o' Moses, 'twas only me cat." Turns to cat. "Don't ye know, ye furred crittur, that animals as passengers is all taboo?" (The lights of another "ship" appear in the distance and approach.)

Pat—"Gud nite it is fur me, if that cop rounds me up."

(The green light of the patrol plane illuminates sky and the copper spots Pat.)

Cop—"Hey, there, where's your tail light? If you're tryin' to get away wid any'ing don't be practicin' on my beat. Get me? Then get out and light up?"

Pat—"Oi'll light up at the next gar-rage and not a bit sooner. Go on with ye, Oi'm in a hurry now." (He gives the engine more gas and leaves the cautious cop far in the rear. In a few minutes Pat reaches the aforementioned garage, which occupies the top floor of the Leaning Shaft, an immense building of 263 stories. Pat parks his machine in a convenient place and alights, briefly. After filling his gas tank and lighting his rear lamp he is immediately off, and is soon exceeding speed limits. A swift patrol darts after him.)

Patrol—"Halt in the name of the law or I'll take your license number."



# I AM IN THE PIVOTAL

Pat—"Take and be darned. Oi'll meet yez on me return tr-rip."



(The patrol disappears in the offing and Pat leans over the side to determine his location.)

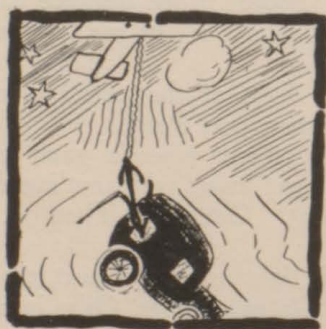
Pat—"Kitty, an' can ye see the sign below? 'Tis London, Sirrah, an' now for the dur-ity wur-rk."

Act 3—Scene 1 (Same as Act 2—Scene 1,

Above London)

(Pat extricates an object from a bundle and lets it gingerly over the side of the ship by means of a rope. He decreases the altitude of the plane and wings his way in graceful curves above the home of Silas Slickshoe. His eyes are smarting with the strain of picking out objects in the dark and identifying them. He locates the ploughshare, the hayrick, the mowing machine and just as he is about to give up in despair he sees the object of his search. He maneuvers his machine with such accuracy that the immense anchor at the end of the rope catches the flivver squarely amidships. Then the plucky little plane strives to rise with the added burden.)

Pat—"Now that we've accomplished our mission 'twould be heart br-reakin' to lose the Henr-ry."



(The "ship" rises slowly. A third copper appears and eyes the dangling Ford suspiciously.)

Cop—"Seems to be a new kind of ballast you have there."

Pat—"Oh, no! Oi'm only totin' home a purchase Oi'm just after makin'."

(Suddenly the plane dips and starts falling. Sure as a plummet it drops to earth, the Ford swinging wildly on the anchor. Pat closes his eyes and wonders if his key to heaven has grown rusty from disuse. With a crash they land—in the top of an apple tree. Pat hears the apples drop and is filled with dread.)

Pat—"There's a spicial law agin the landin' in an apple tree. Shure an' if it had been an oak tree Oi'd be a feelin' better."

(He gets out and surveys his loss.)

Pat (looking up from the ground)—"If ever a man was in a barrel it's Oi at this minnet. Oi can't get the thing down on a ladder. Guess Oi'll have to take the jitney hame."



(Whistling to his cat he climbs in the car and starts for Paris. Pat soliloquizes.)

Pat—"Oi suppose Oi'll be sur-rved up with a summons tomorra for the apple tree bizness. But Oi've got the For-rd that I wint afther so Oi'm happy."

Finis

Afterword

The next day Harry Hicks received a note from Silas Slickshoe. It read, "You can keep the Ford; the aeroplane is a later model and suits me better. Enclosed find bill for damages rendered to my apple tree last night by said aeroplane, operated by one Patrick Pennypacker. When you get your airship I'll race you again."

Pat sat down heavily. "By all that's holy, Oi'll swear Oi'm the most unlucky divil."

"Meow?"

Curtain

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*The Last Big Game of the Season—May 29*

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I AM THE PIVOT

## Senior Autographs



I AM IN THE PIVOTAL



*The*  
**SENIORS of**  
**JUNE '19**



ACTI LABORES IUCUNDI

---

Faculty Adviser of the Class of June, 1919



Mr. Edgar L. Dickerson



# I AM IN THE PIVOT

BERKOWITZ, SAM, 189 Sixteenth Avenue  
PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."*

Journalist Club (3, 4, 5); W. H. (7); C. S. C. (6, 7, 8),  
Vice-President (8); President, Senior Class; Senior PIVOT Board.

"Berkie" is our class president, and as such has rendered invaluable services. His willingness to help others has won for him many friends who wish him the best of success.



LANDENBERGER, AMELIA, 503 Twelfth Avenue  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS.

C. P. Course. Prospects: Rutgers College for Women.

*"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."*

Girls' Service Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), President (7, 8);  
Barnstormers (1, 2, 3); Science Club (2), Secretary (2); Girls' Athletic Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Scholarship Award (1, 5, 6); Tennis Club (8), Vice-President (8); Vice-President 4B Class; Vice-President, Senior Class; Senior PIVOT Board.

A girl of great ability and merit is Amelia. She is one of our prize students and has found time to depart from her studies for outside activities. Her hobby is collecting biological specimens, for which she recently won a prize. Amelia will leave many friends at Central.



COHEN, SADYE, 54 So. Orange Avenue  
SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS.

*"She meant no wrong to any,  
She thought the good of many."*

Secretary, Senior Class (8); Secretary 4B Class (7); Girls' A.A. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), Vice-President (7), Secretary (2, 5); Basketball Team (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), Captain (5, 6); Girls' Patriotic Knitting Club (5, 6), Secretary (6); W. W. (3, 4, 5, 6), G. O. Delegate (5); Science Club (3, 4, 5), Secretary (4); Glee Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Barnstormers (1, 2, 3, 4); Senior PIVOT Board.

Sadye is one of our social butterflies. Her long list of activities will vouch for that statement. Her whole heart has always been for Central, and all the honors conferred upon her in our class ballot she has certainly deserved.



GEPNER, PHILIP H., 142 Livingston Street  
TREASURER OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial German. Prospects: N. Y. University.

*"He is well paid that is well satisfied."*

Penmanship Club (2); Journalist Club (3, 4); Cartoonist Club (3, 4); PIVOT Agent (4, 5, 6); City Editor "Camouflage" (6); PIVOT Reporter (7); PIVOT Board (8); Treasurer, Senior Class; Treasurer, 4B Class; C. S. C. (7, 8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

"Phil" is a very energetic chap. Despite the great amount of school work he has been doing during the last few years, he has managed to keep engaged in the activities of the school. He is very well liked by his many friends, who hope he will keep up his good work.





# I AM IN THE PIVOT



SUKERMAN, NELLIE,

440 Central Avenue

G. O. DELEGATE OF SENIOR CLASS.

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Dance, wit! Write, pen! For I am for whole volumes in folio."*

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); G. O. Delegate, Senior Class (8); Editorial Critic, PIVOT (7); Managing Editor, PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Nellie is not only a bright and diligent student, but also a lady of letters. Her untiring and unceasing efforts have made THE PIVOT what it is to-day. Judging from the comment of our Mayor and other prominent men her efforts have been crowned with success. Your Pivoteer contributions will surely be missed, Nellie.



ABRAMSON, ETTA,

16 Ridgewood Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Modest and shy as a nun is she."*

Etta does not seem to have taken much interest in our clubs, but she has made many friends through her willingness to help others.



ASHBEY, GERTRUDE E.,

288 Orange Street

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Speech is silver, silence is golden."*

Gertrude is another one of our shy girls. We are at sea when we attempt to tell you about her socially. However, from the little we have seen of her, we will say she has a pleasant disposition and will make good wherever she goes.



BARTENOW, DORIS,

41 Runyon Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I."*

Doris has been very popular among her classmates. Where joy and jollity abide, Doris will be found. Her happy disposition is admired by all.



# THE PIVOT

BERLA, JULIAN E.,

213 Plane Street

Technical. Prospects: Mass. Tech.

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."*

W. H. (6); Electrical Club (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), Secretary (7); Battalion (3, 4); C. S. C. (6, 7, 8); Tennis Club (8), President (8); Baseball Manager (8).

A fine boy is Julian, always ready with a joke and a genial smile. He has been well up in his studies and busy in school activities. Central will miss you, Berla.



BOHRER, IDA,

41 Waverly Avenue

3½ Year Student.

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Her smile lingers with us."*

Ida is one of the girls who believes in working earnestly. She has not taken part in any of the school activities, but is well known for her sociability. It is necessary for her to return to summer school for one subject, so she will not receive her diploma until August.



CEGLOWSKI, JOHN,

282 So. Ninth Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"Quick in action and thought."*

Penmanship Club (2); Staff Typist, 3A "Camouflage" Board (6); Commercial Club (5); Staff Typist, Senior PIVOT (8); Asst. Weather Forecaster (8).

"Ski" is one of our best typists. He holds the record of the school. John is a fine, industrious fellow.



CREED, LENA,

112 Central Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky."*

Girls' Service Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Knitting Club (5, 6); Science Club (3).

Lena is well known for her dimples. She has caught many friends by her sweet smile.





# THE PIVOT



DECKER, SELMA J. C.,

451 High Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Thomas School of Art.

*"Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe."*

Girls' Service Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Journalist Club (4, 5); Prize Contest (4, 5); Barnstormers (3, 4, 5), Vice-President (5); Cast of "Magistrate," and "The Amazons;" Cartoonist Club (6); Magazine Editor of PIVOT (5, 6); Editor-in-Chief of PIVOT (7); Editor Emeritus (8); Editor-in-Chief of Senior PIVOT.

Sellie is famous in Central as "Sellie Slang." But that isn't the only reason for her fame. Not only is she Editor Emeritus of THE PIVOT, but she is also an artist of no mean ability, and as a short-story writer she has quite a reputation. With all these things, however, she has always time to welcome us with a smile.



DE VITA, ANTHONY LEONARD,

460 Jelliff Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

*"And certainly he was a good fellow."*

Anthony is a boy with a lot of energy, but it is rather unfortunate he has not allowed the school to be benefited sufficiently by it.



DONNER, ESTHER,

123 Baldwin Street

General. Prospects: Undecided.

*"We never grow weary of her fellowship."*

Spanish Club (5, 6); Cast of "Gentle Jury" (6); Journalist Club (4, 5); Girls' Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8).

Esther has been very active in the various organizations of the school, and she is known and liked by everyone. We wish her the best of success in her future undertakings.



GASH, FRANCES,

36 Monmouth Street

3½ Year Student.

General. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."*

W. W. (1, 2, 4); Girls' A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); Science Club (2, 3, 4); Journalist Club (3); Barnstormers (1, 2, 3); Girl Scouts (3, 4, 5).

Who has not heard of Frances? Central will certainly grieve over the loss of this merrymaker. Frances believes in making the best of life, and it was she who has made us laugh in the midst of all our troubles.



# THE PIVOTAL

GINSBERG, BESSIE,

197 Court Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Pains, reading, study are her just pretense."*

Knitting Club (3, 4, 5); W. W. (5, 6); W. H. (7); Omega Club (7, 8); Penmanship Club (2).

Besides being an industrious and diligent worker, Bessie has found time to devote to school activities. She has chosen to enter business and she has chosen wisely, for we have no doubt but that she will be very successful in that profession.



GINSBERG, ROSE,

322 Fifteenth Avenue

General German. Prospects: Normal.

*"A friend in need is a friend indeed."*

Barnstormers (1, 2, 3, 4); W. W. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Art Club (5).

Rose is popular with her classmates and with all those with whom she comes in contact. Her quiet disposition has won her many friends.



GINSBERG, SAUL,

48 Fleming Avenue

General German. Prospects: Business.

*"Silence is more eloquent than words."*

Journalist Club (3); Omega Club (5); Penmanship (2).

Saul is one of our most quiet boys, and one of our best students. He is a great favorite among his friends.



GREENBLATT, HERMAN H.,

33 Fairview Avenue

General. Prospects: N. Y. College of Dentistry.

*"He among the rest stood like a tower."*

G. O. Executive Board (4, 7); Football Team (4, 6, 8); Baseball Team (3, 5, 7), Captain (7); Journalist Club (5); Track Team (8); Class Basketball (8).

"Greeny" is one of the many good athletes Central has turned out. He is a fellow who has spent his time in Central to the best of his and the school's advantage. Besides being an athlete of note he has been very much alive in the affairs of the clubs to which he belonged. Herman intends to be a dentist in the near future. A little easy on the pulling, Herm.





# THE PIVOT



GREENWALD, LENA,

208 Prince Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."*

Science Club (4, 5), Secretary (5); W. W. (3, 4); Journalist Club (3); Penmanship Club (2).

Clever, diligent and studious is the verdict for Lena. Besides being a good student, she had ample time to devote to school activities. Lena starts her career as a business woman with these assets—a clever brain, willing hands and a cheerful disposition. What more is required?



GUENTHER, ERNA M.,

1231 Woodruff Avenue, Hillside, N. J.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Not much talk—a great, sweet silence."*

W. W. (5, 6).

Erna has kept away from school activities, devoting most of her time in Central to studying. We are certain she will make a success in business.



HARENBERG, HAZEL,

349 So. Sixth Street

3½ Year Student.

General. Prospects: Normal School.

*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."*

Glee Club (7, 8); W. W. (5, 6); Basketball (5).

Hazel should be complimented for completing her course in 3½ years. Although she has devoted most of her time to her studies, she has nevertheless found spare moments for school activities.



HARKAVY, SAMUEL,

442 So. Belmont Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: University of Michigan.

*"A youth of labor with an age of ease."*

4B Class Basketball Team (7); Member of 4B Prom Committee; Omega Speaking Club (7); W. H. (7); Advertising Manager of Senior PIVOT (8); Tennis Club (8); Cheer Leader (7, 8).

Although "Harky" has been with us only for a short time, he has made his presence felt by the amazing amount of work which he accomplished for Central. The financial success of the Senior PIVOT is due primarily to his untiring efforts.



# THE PIVOTAL

HASENZAH, ROSE,

383 So. Orange Avenue

General German. Prospects: Undecided.

*"My own thoughts are my companions."*

Rose is not very well known in Central, due to her quiet disposition. However, she is very well liked by those who know her.



HAUCK, MARGUERITE,

351 So. Sixth Street

Arts. Prospects: Undecided.

*"A true friend is forever a friend."*

Girls' A. A. (1); Science Club (2, 3); Barnstormers (2); Girls' Service Club (7, 8).

Who knows Marguerite without liking her? She is a good student and a good worker. What more need be said?



HUENEKE, HATTIE,

539 So. Seventh Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime!"*

Hattie is another of our quiet girls who has devoted all her time to her studies.



KAMPF, MAE,

485 Hunterdon Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."*

Girls' Athletic Association (7); W. H. (7).

Mae is a quiet, reserved girl, but a profound student. Although she is not known by many, she is well liked by those who know her.





# LAND IN THE PIVOT



KEEHNER, DOROTHY,

621 Sanford Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"I would help others."*

Dorothy is quiet, reserved and modest. Although Dorothy has not participated in any school activities, she is one of the most pleasant girls of the class.



KITE, LEWIS M.

128 So. Thirteenth Street

Technical. Prospects: Electrical Engineering.

*"Well done is twice done."*

Wireless Club (3, 4); Electrical Club (7, 8), President (7, 8).

Lewis is one of the few quiet boys in the class. He has acquitted himself admirably in his studies, and has shown us that he has the makings of success in him.



KLUGMAN, MAX,

523 So. Eleventh Street

3½ Year Student.

College Preparatory. Prospects: Pittsburg University.

*"His knowledge is great."*

Journalist Club (4); W. W. (4, 5); W. H. (5); Electrical Club (6); Tennis Club (7); Wireless Club (3); Rifle Club (6); PIVOT Reporter (6); Science Club (5).

Max is one of our good students, completing his course in 3½ years. His talkative nature has provided amusement for us all. We know Max will make a success.



KOSCHORRECK, VIOLA,

42 Alexander Street

General German. Prospects: Normal School.

*"Modesty is the grace of the soul."*

Girls' Science Club (8).

Viola is another of our quiet, reserved girls. She has not taken part in school activities but has made up for this by being a hard-working, earnest student.



# THE PIVOTAL

KRAEUTER, PAUL,

14 Hampden Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing."*

Penmanship Club (2); Wireless Club (5); Commercial Club (5); Journalist Club (5).

Paul is a very reserved fellow. He has succeeded in his studies, and we are sure that good fortune awaits him in the business world.



KRIM, BEN,

23 Hillside Place

3½ Year Student.

C. P. Course. Prospects: Cornell.

*"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."*

Book-room Assistant (3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Book-room Manager (8); C. S. C. (7, 8); Scholarship Pin (5); Old-English "C" (8); Office Assistant (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); G. O. Executive (8); Class Relay Team (5).

Ben's activities speak for themselves. He is a fellow who has spent his time at Central to the best of his advantage. He has worked constantly, never letting up for a moment. Reading seems to be a hobby with him. The book-room will surely miss his valuable services.



LANDIS, BENJAMIN,

154 Boyd Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: Electrical Engineering, N. Y. U.

*"The labour we delight in physics pain."*

Glee Club (7, 8); 4A Relay Team.

Landis is a newcomer to Central. He has been with us only a short time, but those who know him will testify that he has shown his worth during the short period he has spent here.



LEHMANN, CLARENCE,

770 So. Twelfth Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"A pleasant youth with a pleasant smile."*

Journalist Club (5, 6); C. S. C. (7, 8); Commercial Club (5); Penmanship Club (2); Interclass Soccer Team (5); Interclass Relay (8); Baseball (6, 8).

Clarence is a quiet, industrious worker. He has chosen to enter business and we are confident he will be a successful business man. Clarence is also somewhat of an athlete, participating in baseball and basketball.





# THE PIVOT



LERNER, AUGUSTA,

313 Fifteenth Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."*

Barnstormers (2, 3, 4); Penmanship Club (2); W. W. (4, 5, 6).

Another one of our reserved girls is Augusta. She has worked faithfully during her time at school, and we know there is great success in store for her.



LEVEY, WILLIAM,

339 Littleton Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Columbia University.

*"He that hath a trade, hath an estate."*

C. S. C. (6, 7); W. W. (4); W. H. (5); Track Team (2, 3, 4); PIVOT Reporter (5, 6); Glee Club (6, 7); Journalist Club (3).

William is of a quiet disposition, but to those who know him he is a very pleasant chap.



LIPSCHITZ, SAUL,

516 So. Thirteenth Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."*

Journalist Club (5, 6); C. S. C. (6, 7, 8); Omega Club (7, 8); W. W. (5, 6, 7); G. O. Delegate (6); Manager Friday Dances (7, 8); Chairman G. O. Election (7); PIVOT Reporter (5, 6); Assistant Editor, "Camouflage" (6); Assistant City Editor PIVOT (7); City Editor, PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Now we come to "Lip." Who doesn't know him? He is a fellow who will leave a good record behind him. Although a newcomer to Central in his third year, he has done his share of work, particularly as manager of the Friday afternoon dances and as City Editor of THE PIVOT. A glimpse at his activities vouches for him.



MANDELSTEIN, DAVID,

35 Monmouth Street

General Latin. Prospects: Medicine, Yale.

*"Lap me in soft Lydian airs."*

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Played at the Friday afternoon dances (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Glee Club (7, 8); Assistant Editor of the Bulletin Board (8); C. S. C. (8).

Dave is one of our best violinists. He has rendered invaluable services to Central by playing at the Friday afternoon dances.



McKEOWN, ELIZABETH

416 So. Eighteenth Street

General German. Prospects: Normal.

*"As quiet as an owl by day."*

Girls' A. A. (1); Science Club (3, 4); Secretary (5); Girls' Service Club (7, 8).

Those who know her never said they didn't like Betsy. Too bad we all don't know her better.



MEYERSON, LOUISE,

238 No. Eleventh Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Wisdom is better than rubies."*

Camera Club (2, 3); Glee Club (6, 7); Spanish Club (3, 4), Vice-President (3, 4).

Louise is one of our shining lights. We hope she will be as successful in the business world as she has been at Central.



MICHELSTEIN, JENNIE,

201 Broome Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet."*

Jennie has refrained from engaging in any school activities during her stay at Central. She has been too deeply engrossed in her studies, thus leaving her very little time for other work.



***Central's Return Game with  
Barringer—May 29***



# THE PRIVATE



MILLSPAUGH, MARIAN E.,

48 Avon Place

Commercial German. Prospects: Undecided.

*"A noble girl, and nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command."*

Girls' Service Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); G. O. Delegate (7), Secretary and Treasurer (8); Tennis Club (7); Glee Club (8); G. S. C. Play (8).

Marian is one of the most popular girls in the class. She is well liked for her helping hand and pleasing way. She has been chosen by the class as the most popular girl, and she surely deserves the honor.



MINDER, JULIA,

488 South Orange Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"They are only truly great  
Who are truly good."*

Class Basketball (5, 6, 7, 8); Girls' A. A. (5, 6, 7, 8); Girls' Service Club (6, 7, 8).

Our own Julia is always ready with sympathy for an unfortunate classmate. She is what we call a fine, all-round girl.



MINNEFOR, CHARLES A.,

301 Fairmount Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: Fordham University.

*"With hearts he plays."*

Dante Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), President (8); Class Relay (8); C. S. C. (8).

"Minnie" is a popular fellow indeed. He is always willing to do someone a good turn, and his pleasant way has made him a host of friends at Central. By the way, all the girls say he is a fine-looking fellow.



PARK, RUTH,

90 Newton Street

General German. Prospects: Normal.

*"And she was wondrous wise."*

Science Club (2), Vice-President (3); Patriotic Knitting Club (5); Scholarship Pin (4).

Ruth is one of our prize students, but at the same time she has found spare moments to devote towards her activities.



# THE PIONEER

PENNELL, VESPASIAN,

116 Hunterdon Street

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Small, but mighty."*

Dante Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), President (5, 7); Journalist Club (2, 3, 4, 5); Centro Castellana (3, 4, 5, 6); Electrical Club (6, 7, 8); Technical Club (5, 6, 7, 8), Vice-President (7), President (8); Track Team (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Soccer Team (5, 6); Cross Country Team (7); G. O. Executive (8).

Although Vespasian is the smallest among us (in stature), he makes up for his deficiency by his good work in his studies. His activities speak for themselves and his services on the track and cross-country teams are surely appreciated.



PRAG, LOUIS,

46 Barclay Street

3 1/2 Year Student.

College Preparatory Course. Prospects: Mass. Institute of Technology.

*"Wisdom is the keynote of success."*

W. W. (1, 2); Wireless Club (2); W. H. (3); Journalist Club (4); Electrical Club (6, 8); Tennis Club (8); Rifle Club (6); Science Club (5).

Louis is one of our champ students. He has a very obliging nature and a most agreeable demeanor. His success is sure to be established.



RADLER, FANNIE,

57 Bedford Street

Art Course: Prospects: Newark Junior College.

*"To be short is no disgrace, only inconvenient."*

Science Club (2); Dancing Class (3, 4); W. W. (6); Girls' A. A. (6).

Fannie is certainly the class baby, but our baby has tackled her subjects in a most sagacious manner. Haven't you, Fannie?



RATH, FRANK,

259 Fourteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

*"Fair of face and fleet of foot."*

Class Relay (4); Relay Team (6), Captain (6); Cross Country Team (7); Varsity Track (8).

Frank is a very popular boy. He has been chosen the best-looking boy of the class, and he certainly deserves the honor. Frank is athletically inclined, being a member of the track team.







ROBINSON, EARL,

146 Hunterdon Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"A lion among ladies."*

Class Basketball (5, 7); Varsity Football (7); Farm Work (4, 6).

Earl is a fellow full of fun and jollity. Although at times he is too jolly we are sure he has done things with the right spirit. As a quarterback last season "Robby" proved to us that size doesn't always count.



ROSEN, ANNA,

46 Waverly Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"A heart with room for every joy."*

Anna is the kind of girl who makes friends at first sight. She is a conscientious worker, yet for all that is ever ready to join in the "fun" that goes on about her.



ROSENBAUM, SADIE,

137 Livingston Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Nothing is more useful than silence."*

Sadie is a firm believer of the above-quoted proverb. Although she has not joined any of the clubs in the school, she is popular with all of her classmates, who but look into her luminous eyes and believe her speech.



ROSENBLUM, GEORGE,

88 No. Second Street

General. Prospects: Stevens.

*"No threats of tyrants or the grim  
Visage of them can alter him,  
But what he doth at first intend,  
That he holds firmly to the end."*

Varsity Football (3, 5, 7); Varsity Basketball (4, 6); Varsity Baseball (4); Varsity Track Manager (6); Wireless Club (3, 4, 5); Mathematics Club (3); C. S. C. (7, 8); Assistant Editor, Bulletin Board (7); Editor, Bulletin Board (8).

George is one of our best athletes. Despite devoting most of his time to the various athletic activities, he has managed to take an active part in the many clubs of the school, and at the same time keep well up in his studies. Here's looking at you, "Rosy," and wishing you the best of success for the future. We will always remember your smashing attacks and "center rushes."



# THE PIVOTAL

RUFF, HENRY,

46 Hunterdon Street

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Still, calm and resolute."*

Why such an energetic boy as Henry has not participated in any school activities is beyond our comprehension. We are certain he would have been greatly benefitted if he had done so.



RUNYON, ETHEL,

112 So. Tenth Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,  
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."*

Ethel is an optimist. Whatever may occur, Ethel is always sure to find something pleasant "to drive dull care away." By the way, Ethel is some petite dresser. She was chosen the best dresser of the class.



SCHRENZEL, RUTH,

71 Quitman Street

*"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."*

Now we come to Ruth. Those who are included within Ruth's immediate circle of friends know her to be fun-loving and pleasant. Here's good luck to you, Ruth.



SEIDEMAN, SHIRLEY,

253 Littleton Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Newark Junior College.

*"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined."*

Girls' A. A. (5, 7); Dancing Class (5); Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Girl Scouts (5); Patriotic Knitting Club (4, 5, 6); Tennis Club (8); Winner of the 2A Typewriting Contest.

Shirley is one of our best-liked girls. She is very attractive and a diligent worker. She is also an excellent typist, and we have no doubt but that as a business woman she will make a great success.







SEROFF, BEN,

151 Spruce Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Columbia University.  
*"As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute."*

Omega Club (6, 7); Alpha Club (6, 7); W. H. (4, 5); Journalist Club (5).

Ben is a fellow who is liked by all. He is a real artist at the piano, and we are sure he will become a second Paderewski sometime. Keep it up, Ben, and you will get there.



SHACHAT, ANNA,

35 Waverly Avenue

3½-year student.

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"Silent in seven languages."*

Anna is one of our quiet girls. As a result of her diligence, she has completed her course in 3½ years.



SHAPOSHNIKOW, SARAH,

298 Eighteenth Avenue

General. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"Art and knowledge bring bread and honor."*

Sarah has been a very quiet, reserved girl during her stay in school, spending most of her time at studying. She has done very well along that line, as the record will show.



SIEGAL, ELIZABETH,

71 Quitman Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."*

Elizabeth has not been with us very long, but from the little we have seen of her she has given us a very good impression.



# THE SILENT SOCIETY

SOSNOW, EMANUEL,

252 Broome Street

Commercial German. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"Speech is great, but silence is greater."*

Sosnow has kept himself aloof from any school undertakings, devoting most of his time to his studies. We all wish we could have seen more of him.



SPITZHOFF, FREDERICK,

383 Morris Avenue

College Preparatory Course. Prospects: N. Y. U.

*"Smile and the world smiles with you."*

The quotation describes Fred's philosophy. He is very popular among the girls and we have to give him credit for it. Good work, Fred.



ZALKIN, LILLIAN,

235 Bruce Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

*"May fortune wait on her."*

W. W. (5, 6); Dancing Class (2, 3, 4).

Lillian has spent all of her time on her studies, and the result has been good. From what we have seen of her, we believe she will meet with success in her business endeavors.



EICHHORN, WILLIAM,

771 So. Twentieth Street

General. Prospects: Business.

*"Men of few words are the best men."*

William has attended strictly to business, and he will surely turn out a good, all-round commercial man.

FORST, CATHERINE M.,

18 Gladstone Avenue

General. Prospects: Normal School.

*"I shall find time, Cassius,  
I shall find time."*

Catherine is another member of our Silent Society. She has attended strictly to business, thus leaving her very little time for outside

FREIBOTT, GEORGE,

28 Willoughby Street

Technical. Prospects: Automobile Business.

*"To do easily what is difficult for others is a mark of talent."*

Technical Club (7, 8), Sergeant-at-arms (8); Track Team (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Soccer (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

George is a boy of quiet disposition. Besides being a good student, George showed his ability as an athlete and business man. Success is already his.



# THE PIVOTAL

GOLDMAN, LILLIAN, 120 Central Avenue  
Arts. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thee."*

Why Lillian has not participated in any school activities we leave her to answer. However, from what we know of her, she is popular and a leader in her own set.

GREENBERG, MARTIN, 232 Belmont Avenue  
General German. Prospects: Undecided.

Martin is one of those willing fellows who seem to smile under all conditions.

LOHSE, FRED, 392 Badger Avenue  
Secretarial. Prospects: Undecided.

*"A man of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident tomorrows."*

Fred is well liked by all those who knew him for his pleasant manner and his willingness to help others.

NOVAK, WILMA, 15 Monmouth Street  
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

*"So womanly, so benign and so meek."*

Not many students know Wilma, since she has kept well in the background. However, she is very well liked by those with whom she is acquainted.

RITTENBAND, MARY, 667 So. Fifteenth Street  
Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"Night after night she sat and bleared her eyes with books."*

Although Mary has not participated in Central's activities, she has made many friends by her willingness to help others.

TOMEY, HERBERT, 137 Elizabeth Avenue  
General French. Prospects: Undecided.

We have not heard much of Tomey. Although he has not taken part in school activities, he has never failed to help others.

VON OESSEN, HERMAN, 430 Morris Avenue  
Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

Herman's charming complexion has won for him many friends among the fair sex. It was his rosy cheeks that made him second best-looking boy in the class.

WANDERER, HERBERT, 305 Waverly Avenue  
Technical. Prospects: Stevens.

*"But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run."*

First Aid Club (4); Cross Country (7); Inter-class Relay (6, 8).

Herbert has made a great hit in Central by his ever-readiness to assist his friends. We shall all miss you, Herbert, particularly the track men.

WYMAN, OLIVE, 586 South Eighteenth Street  
Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Of manners gentle, of affection mild."*

Olive is very fond of Domestic Science and has spent most of her time in the cooking rooms.



# CLASS WILL JUNE 1919

## I

We, the class of June, 1919, Central High School, of the City of Newark, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

*First*—We give and bequeath to the entire school our learned and beloved principal, Mr. William Wiener, who has been our guide and stay during our years at Central High.

*Second*—We also bequeath to the school our esteemed faculty, who have striven to make us up-right and loyal American citizens.

*Third*—We relinquish our places as Senior A's to our Senior B's. Together with this we also leave our seats in the auditorium to our inferior successors.

*Fourth*—We bequeath to Central High the best paper in the world, our PIVOT.

*Fifth*—We leave the numerous clubs to the school, hoping that they will thrive minus our co-operation.

*Sixth*—We bequeath the Detention Room to those who desire a seventh period.

*Seventh*—We bequeath to Central High the good will and advice of our worthy teacher, Mr. Edgar L. Dickerson.

*Eighth*—To the German students we bequeath the happy periods in Room 214 with Mr. Elmer W. Triess.

*Ninth*—To the IB's we give the advice to laugh at the teacher's jokes. (Experience is the best teacher.)

*Tenth*—To the music students we bequeath those merry hours in 414 with our most worthy music teacher, Mr. R. A. Laslett Smith.

*Eleventh*—We leave to Central our football, basketball and track teams, which have done such splendid work.

*Twelfth*—We bequeath to the students a portion of our school spirit and the memory of all that we have done for Central.

*Thirteenth*—We bequeath to Central High our beautiful class picture as an inspiration to all future senior classes.

And last, but not least, we leave to all the curriculum through which we have passed so successfully and from which we have sucked all the juice.

We nominate and appoint Mr. William Wiener to be our executor.

In witness whereof we hereby set our seal this month of June, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.

(Signed) RUTH M. PARK,  
Attorney.

## II

We, the illustrious class of June, 1919, upon our departure from this noble institution, do draw up and sign, as an official and valid document, this will and testament, to go into effect upon our demise. In full possession of all our faculties we do hereby bequeath, forever and ever, till graduation do them part, the following items, to our successors. May they be more successful than we:

*Article I*—Of most importance is the bequest of THE PIVOT. 'Tis the most eagerly read and studied book in Central. We have watched it grow to the strong proportions it now claims and it is with misgivings that we entrust its keeping to the new and less experienced 4A class. Guard it tenderly and strongly and work for its betterment, we beseech you.

(Note)—The remainder of the bequests will be arranged indiscriminately without thought as to the order of their importance.)

*Article II*—We do leave and bequeath the snake-like, snail-like lunch line. Ah! Many's the time we

seniors have wended our weary and empty way through the arduous windings and shapes it often assumes and takes.

*Article III*—Our most valuable excuses (written and verbal) that we have used for four years with more or less success, we also must needs leave behind us. We give them to our successors with the hope that they do not try them on the same teachers that we did.

*Article IV*—Being seniors, the next 4A class will also be affected with *senioritis*, a malady peculiar to seniors. So, to them we leave the sixes we got and the nines we didn't get, to relieve them of the trouble of acquiring them for themselves.

*Article V*—To the entire second floor (and especially 206) we leave the odoriferous atmosphere that emanates from 208 and permeates all surrounding territory after the "chem" class has mixed —?— with —?—.

*Article VI*—The dance-inviting Jazz band of one



# IN THE PRIVATE

Sam Hailpern is most regretfully abandoned by us in favor of other Centralites who desire to follow the Muse of the Friday Dance.

*Article VII*—Shiveringly and with malice toward none, we hasten down the North Stairway and say sympathetically to our followers, "Yes, we too have sneezed."

*Article VIII*—To the unwary freshmen, we bequeath the fountains, installed apparently for drinking purposes only, but acting invariably in the capacity of shower baths.

*Article IX*—We hesitate as we approach 217, but as it has become an institution and custom firmly rooted in the traditions of Central we mention and

pass over it speedily, bestowing our detention room upon those who need it.

*Article X*—With great pride do we point to our trophy case. It is full to overflowing and we leave, to the athletic teams, the most agreeable task of adding new cups and keeping them shined up.

This concludes the bequests of the class of June, 1919. And we do hereby nominate and appoint as executors Mr. Wiener and a picked body from our faculty. In witness whereof we do sign and seal this, our will, on the tenth day of June, 1919.

(Signed) SELMA J. C. DECKER,

June, 1919.

Attorney.

## SENIOR PROPHECY

### THE WANDERINGS OF A CENTRAL SENIOR

By SAMUEL BERKOWITZ.

When I graduated in June, 1919, my greatest ambition was to become a traveling salesman. After five years of hard labor I managed to attain the coveted position. In February, 1924, I immediately took up my new duties with the New York Supply Company, and was soon bound for the South. As I left the Pennsylvania R. R. ticket office, my attention was called to the train announcer. I knew that I had heard that voice before. It was Max Klugman. We had a little talk before I caught my train, about the good old days. While on my journey I remembered that Max had aspired to be a West Point cadet, but he surely stooped to conquer, for after four years he had donned the uniform of the road. My ticket was punched by Catherine Forst, who told me about some of our classmates.

She said that Lena Greenwald and Erna Guenther had formed a syndicate in California, and that they practically controlled the peach market. William Eichorn was in Arizona looking for gold with little success. Catherine told me that the last she had heard of him he had been trying his hand at irrigating the desert.

When I arrived in Washington I made my way to the St. Claire Hotel. A bright-looking chap took my bags up for me and when I went to tip him I saw it was Van Oesen. "Gold Dust" looked flushed as ever. We had quite a talk. Sadie Rosenbaum, he said, was the private secretary to the Secretary of the Air. He advised me to take an aerobus to her

office if I had time. That afternoon I visited Sadie, and found that five years had made a trim little business woman of her. I learned from her that Charles Minnefor was her employer, but that he was away on a short air trip to Japan. Sadie informed me that Hazel Harenberg was teaching in Korea, and that Saul Ginsberg had charge of a big mining company in Northern Russia.

My business next directed me to the city of Charleston. Stepping into the office of the *Charleston Daily Times* I found Nellie Sukerman busy over copy for the noon edition. This certainly brought back the old days at Central. As her time was limited, I promised to meet her at six that evening. We had supper at the Hotel Bellefontaine. Nellie pointed out that the orchestra leader was David Mandelstein, the world-famous violinist. Later I was surprised to see Ethel Runyon, alias "Tuesday," come on the stage to entertain us. After supper we went to the salon to talk things over. Wilma Novak, Nellie told me, was Beatrice Fairfax on the *Times*. I wasn't surprised a bit, for I remembered that Wilma had always been good at that sort of thing. However, I learned with sorrow that Saul Lipschutz had died, prior to my arrival, from "copy" disease. He had been the hard-working city editor of the *Times*.

My business finished in Charleston, I bade good-bye to my classmates and went North. At Cleveland I met George Rosenblum, quite by accident, on the Square. He immediately button-holed me and took



## IN THE PIVOT

me to a football game. There we saw Greenie, Ves-pasian Pennell and Piggie Poles. George told me that these three were the stars of Ohio. I was soon convinced of this fact by the applause and rooting that they got from the audience. In front of the grandstand stood a frankfurter-wagon. One glance showed me that Frank Rath had found his vocation indeed. After the game we all went to Martin Martinelli's Italian restaurant. Upon entering the place we saw Martin in the far distance juggling flap-jacks with one hand and stirring a pot-roast with the other. Fred Spitzhoff and Paul Kraeuter waited on the bunch of us. Spitzhoff was aching to spill soup over us, but Martin was there most of the time and we were saved.

After the meal, we parted. I took a flying lizzie to the Alhambra in the evening, and met Amelia Landenberger in the lobby. Amelia told me she was waiting for her husband. In the meanwhile we talked over old times together. She was an ardent suffragette and president of an influential political society. She said that Ruth Schrenzel led the Suffragist party in New Jersey. I hadn't been to Jersey for five years and I eagerly clamored for more news from the home town. Julia Minder, she said, was Central's physical instructor. Dot Keehner was teaching stenotypy there, too. Ida Bohrer, Doris Bartenow, and Mary Rittenband were in the office. I could imagine in my mind's eye what a cinch their students were having. Louise Meyerson was a music critic for the *New York Times*, Amelia told me. Just then Amelia's other half came and, after the introduction was over (I couldn't tell you who he was), I was shown to my seat. They were showing an exceptionally good movie. I was startled to see De Vita as the dashing hero. Etta Abramson, Fannie Radler and Lena Creed had important parts in this masterpiece.

The next morning I left for the West. On my way to California I stopped off at El Paso, Texas. I had wired Julian Berla to meet me at the station, and he combed the city for all the Centralites he could find. As I stepped off the train I was met by Shirley Seide-man, Marion Millspaugh, Clarence Lehmann and Samuel Harkavy. They all began to speak at once. When the gas attack was over I found that Shirley and Lehmann were partners in a profitable business. Their company had complete charge of the trans-continental subway that was being built at that time. Marion Millspaugh had just been elected President of the Western School Teachers' League, and Harkavy was a full-fledged public speaker on the advantages of advertising in senior papers. He told me confidentially that he found it exceedingly profitable, and after looking him over, I believed him. That evening Berla told me his troubles. He was in a stock company and they couldn't get enough funds to finance their show. I mentioned that George Freibott, who had made a fortune selling egg-nogs, might be able to help him. At

my suggestion Berla aerographed to London for a couple of million dollars. Two days later he received the money from Freibott with a statement that more could be had for the asking. With a light heart I went on to my next stop.

On arriving at Los Angeles I looked up Philip Gepner in the directory and found that he was owner of a big publishing house. I went up to his place and received a royal welcome. Bessie Ginsberg and Viola Koschorreck were among his office force. The three of us spent some time going over our senior days. Bessie said that Hattie Hueneker was the art critic at the Art Museum of California. Elizabeth McKeown and Rosa Hasenzahl were "roughing it" up in the Canadian Rockies, and Ben Seroff still tickled the ivories. Selma Decker and Ruth Park were in Hawaii, getting material for their respective novels. "Sellie" had been doing a little bit of everything, Viola told us, and Ruth had four novels and a host of short stories to her credit. Marguerite Hauck had gone in for photography and had made quite a success at it. Philip said that John Ceglowski was demonstrating for the Tap-tap Typewriter Company and that I could see him that day at their offices downtown.

When I went down to see Ceglowski I found him tapping away like an industrious woodpecker. He stopped long enough to tell me that George Martinka and Benjamin Landis were naval officers on the Pacific fleet that was at anchor in the harbor.

That afternoon I had occasion to go to the library. Olive Wyman and Sarah Shaposhnikow made bewitching librarians. With their help I found my material quickly and had a little time to gossip about our classmates. Jennie Michelstein and Elizabeth Siegal were doing court reporting in New York, they told me. Herbert Wanderer had made quite a name in athletics. Louis Prag and Lillian Zalkin maintained a dancing school in Philadelphia. Gussie Lerner was teaching economics to high school students in New York. I marveled at her strong physical and mental ability.

In a few days I was speeding towards home with a glad heart. At Salt Lake City Rose Ginsberg got on the train and we amused ourselves by reminiscences of Central. I learned further that Sadye Cohen was a society leader in New York's four hundred, and Emanuel Sosnow was employed by the Boston Transit Company to work out its line of operation.

I left Rose at Newark. It certainly was good to see the place after five years of traveling. I immediately took an aerobus to Central. It was lunch hour, and after a long search I found Dot Keehner. I spent the afternoon telling her of the Centralites I had heard of and seen in my travels. I know that the lucky students in her class must have blessed me, for there was no work for them that afternoon.



## "Jonsey" Visits Coney Island in 1925

Overbrook, New Jersey,  
July 1, 1925.

Dear Nell:

I've so much to tell you! I've just returned from Coney, and I guess I must have seen everyone from your class. I suppose I may as well start from the beginning and tell you all. Well, I was walking along the boardwalk and I thought I'd get a hot dog, so stopping at the first wagon I came to, I got it from no less a person than Julian Berla. He told me that he and George Freibott, an expert flapjack thrower, chummed together.

Well, I thought I'd go over to Luna Park and see the animals. I saw a sign which read, "Hazel, the Human Spaghetti." This aroused my curiosity, so I went in and there I saw Hazel Harenberg doing a snake dance. Just imagine! Right next to her tent was a sign which read, "Why Boys Leave Home." Being a woman, I wondered why they did and peeped into the tent. There I beheld Dot Keehner's glorious tresses and Dot with her "this-is-too-much-I-expected-more" grin. The very first row of spectators included Herman von Oesen and Willie Eichhorn, as might be expected.

Well, they had a burlesque show in the next tent and the chorus—well, anyway; it was some chorus. There was Rosa Hasenzahl, she was soubrette, and Catherine Forst was ingenue, while Lena Creed was at one end of the choristers and Ida Bohrer at the other. It really took up most of the chorus. My, how that girl has changed! For the larger, I mean.

The wild man from Borneo proved to be Sam Berkowitz, and Fannie Radler was the world's largest woman.

I meant to tell you that Hattie Huenke has become a famous pretzel model, and Mary Rittenband poses for animal crackers. I met them together at Coney. Ethel Runyon is head dish-swain at the "Casteroiler," Mary told me, and Julia Minder runs a jitney to and from the station.

Oh, yes, Nell, I meant to congratulate you on the publication of your novel, "The Decline of the Corkscrew." Did you have me in mind when you described the heroine?

Sellie Decker is one of Coney's lifeguards and has been rescued four times this season. I hear that Sadye Cohen is nurse to the children of the wealthy Herman Greenblatt, the manufacturer of the famous "Lizette," a machine which sells for 600 soap wrappers. How he has risen!

Lillian Goldman has founded the "Waitresses' Union," which includes such noted personages as Shirley, Seideman, Ruth Schrenzel, and Vespasian Pennell.

Doris Bartenow is matron of an old-maids' home

and is assisted by Etta Abramson and Anna Schachat. One of the most popular inmates of the home is Earl Robinson. He always did like the girls.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that Bessie Ginsberg and Mae Kampf are models for a landscape painter. Oh, no! No insinuations whatever.

You remember the theory that Charles Minnefor used to advance, that all people should be given an equal chance to see the world? Well, he is putting his theory into practice. He now operates a ferris wheel down here and is always causing people to get up in the air.

Remember how crazy Henry Ruff and Sam Harkavy used to be to go out West and live among the animals? Well, they own a merry-go-round and Sam can be seen any day sitting on a bull's horns, waiting for customers. Ruff has just finished painting a sign which reads, "Don't feed the animals." I wonder what he means?

I saw the funniest thing on the boardwalk that day. Louis Prag was coming along between two signs which read, "Get your famous Nut Sandwiches at the Lehman-Krauter-Ceglowski Indelicatessen."

After seeing all these things I thought I needed something to stimulate me, some tea, so I went over to the "Never Again" tea room. There, who should be the proprietor but Herbert Pfeil, with Lohse as the head waiter. I was thunderstruck. I had my tea (which, by the way, had never seen a tea leaf in its life) brought to me by Harry Sherman, all decked out in a butcher's cap and apron.

Suddenly I heard the lights go out, and somewhere in the distance a moon came up and I heard the low crooning tunes of a ukelele, whose owner proved to be Louis Kite. Then I heard the rustling of grass and when I looked up there was Amelia Landenberger, Betsy McKeown, Marguerite Hauck and Viola Koschorreck doing the most bewitching Hawaiian dance I have ever seen. Can you imagine it? It's beyond me.

The next number on the program (I tell you this was *some* tea room) was a sketch entitled, "Was She on the Wagon When She Fell Off?" Gertrude Ashbey took the part of the vampire, while Philip Gepner was the treacherous villain who robbed the hero, Saul Lipshutz, of his little bride.

By the time this was finished the proprietor came and told me I couldn't stay unless I intended to drink more tea, as the waiters were waiting for the cup for another customer. Naturally, I walked out, and took another little stroll up the boardwalk. Soon I came face to face with Ruth Park with her pet poodle.

The worst surprise of my life was given me when I saw Sol Pressler wading in the ocean with two little chaps. Of course I'm not saying who they were,



# THE PIVOT

but I don't suppose Sol would go in wading with the cook's children. Do you?

The next day was Sunday. I thought I would get fixed up a bit, so I went to Anthony De Vita's Beauty Shop and had Sadie Rosenbaum give me some fake sunburn. You ought to see Sadie now, tall, dark and handsome just fits her. Max Klugman is a manicurist for the feet, and Saul Ginsberg is all-round man, picking up the patients and so forth.

Well, I went to church that day. It's the first time I didn't fall asleep. Who could fall asleep with Louise Meyerson up there in the pulpit preaching?

While I am on the subject of church I want to tell you that Albert Schwartz is a doctor, Ben Seroff an undertaker, an Fred Spitzhoff a gravedigger. By the way, I wonder if they are partners? It looks that way, doesn't it? I am suspicious.

Sarah Shaposhnikow has married a man by the name of Poe. Quite a difference in the length of her autograph now.

Did I tell you that George Martinka is a tonsorial artist, and that Emanuel Sosnow poses for one of those "going, going, gone" hair advertisements?

Martinka told me about Esther Donner. She is a model for the Wrigley Spearmint Co. Who would have thought it?

Yes, it's only too true that Wilma Novak acts in Mack Sennett comedies with Marion Millspaugh and Frances Gash. Benjamin Landis is property man for the same company and Rose Ginsberg is matron at the studio.

Don't go to sleep yet; I'll be finished in a moment. I want you to rest knowing that Lena Greenwald has obtained from Congress the right to wear a man's celluloid collar, having the distinction of being the first woman to do so.

Well, I guess I am about finished, but I tell you Coney is better than ever with all Central students managing it, and Olive Wyman and Elizabeth Seigal keeping it clean. I tell you we are going to hear great things about it. Just wait and be patient.

Please don't be angry with me for putting this all in one letter, but I simply had to get it off my mind or else I would have gotten brainless fever.

Yours ever,

JONSEY.

## CLASS SONG

BY ROSE GINSBERG.

I

Dear Alma Mater, we must say good-bye,  
Because our parting hour soon draws nigh,  
But when we leave thy halls so dear and true,  
Fond memories will always live of you.

II

O Central High, to us your duty's done;  
And all our praises you have nobly won.  
O Central High, to-night the while we sing  
Our fervent, everlasting faith we bring.

III

In after years, if our ambition fails,  
If hopes grow weak, if courage ever pales,  
O Central High, our vivid thoughts of thee  
Will spur us on to final victory.

CHORUS:

We deck your brow with garlands of our praise,  
As we shall cherish you through all our days,  
We swell the chorus high with all our might,  
We sing our homage to the blue and white.

## SOME PIVOT BOARD MEMBERS



GIRLS ON THE STAFF OF THE PIVOT

Top row: Hilda Jaixen, Rose Karalunsky. Bottom row: Verna Kinsey, Selma Decker, Nellie Suckerman, Gladys Jones.

NOTE—We don't know who the little one in the top row is. Perhaps an enterprising room agent. Very enterprising we should say.



BUSINESS STAFF

Left to right: Albert Zweibel, Robert Caruba, Sol Pressler, Louis Herman and George Cooper.



## SIAMS ON SOME SENIORS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH
Abramson, Elta	"Elta"	Solemnity	Hitting the High Spots	Her Indifference	Cash Girl	By Luck
Ashbey, Gertrude	"Gerl"	Playfulness	Some Common Sense	Height	English Teacher	Smiled at Faculty
Bartenow, Doris	"Dotty"	Sponging	A Few Hard Hearts	Being Good	Old Maid	By Being Quiet
Berkowitz, Sam	"Berky"	Free Speech	Desert Island	Good Nature	Human Phonograph	Stepped Over
Berla, Julia	"Juju"	Feminism	Henpecking	His Ties	A Wife	Slipped
Ceglowski, John	"Cy"	Nuttiness	Overbrook	His Line of Talk	An Organ Grinder	By Accident
Cohen, Sadye	"Syd"	Too Much Pep	A Muzzle	Her Tongue	We're Doubtful	She Won't Tell
Creed, Lena	"Creedy"	Too Shy	Some Nerve	Modesty	A Missionary	Overlooked
Decker, Selma	"Sellie Slang"	Hookeying	Nailed	Toothpick Weight	Sign Painter	Nobody Knows
De Vita, Anthony	"De V'it"	Acting	He'll Outgrow It	Rippling Voice	Second Houdini	His Earnestness
Donner, Esther	"Est"	Voice Culture	Spanking	Her Walk	Who Knows?	Walker
Eichhorn, Will	"Bill"	Solitude	Jazz Band	Lack of Ingenuity	Deckhand on a U-Boat	Tried
Forst, Catherine	"Forsty"	Unsociability	A Debut	Seldom Smiles	Posing for Animal Crackers	Odd Answers
Freibott, George	"Bolsy"	Haircomb	A Wig	Always Prepared	Garbage Inspector	Naturally
Gash, Frances	"Fwancy"	No Pep	6 on Her Card	Her Slowness	Maid	Sympathy
Gepner, Philip	"Phily"	Bum Crease	Trouser Presser	Worldwiseness	Prison	Concealed Ignorance
Ginsberg, Rose	"Rosy"	Blushing	Whitewash	Dimples	Model for Bam's	Her Name
Ginsberg, Bessie	"Bess"	Knitting	No War	Stage-struck	Champion Socking Darners	Unaccounted For
Ginsberg, Saul	"Ginsy"	Goodnatured	Detention	Good Nature	Waiter	Nobody Saw Him
Goldman, Lillian	"Lil"	Conceit	Turned Down	Love of Self	2nd Mrs. Castle	Glad to Get Rid of Her
Greenberg, Martin	"Marty"	Muteness	Obstreperousness	Meekness	Fireman	Goodness Knows
Greenblatt, Herman	"Greeny"	Pork	Hard Work	Football Ability (?)	Limberger Cheese Salesman	Nerve
Greenwald, Lena	"Waldy"	Study	Graduation	Busy	Suffragist	Inveigled It
Harenberg, Hazel	"Pee Wee"	Timidity	A Slap on the Wrist	Uncertain	Fat Lady in Circus	Her Size
Harkavy, Samuel	"Hacky"	Pest	Sing Sing	Bonehead	Quack Doctor	Cribbed Through
Hasenzahl, Rose	"Hasy"	Bashfulness	A Beau	Length	House Maid	Fell Through
Hauck, Marguerite	"Miggles"	Giggitis	Old Maids' Home	Pleasantness	Economics Teacher	With Her Smile
Hueneke, Hattie	"Hattie"	Stenography	Job	Hair	Red Cross Nurse	Agreeable
Kampf, Mae	"Kampfy"	Inconspicuousness	Stiffs	Talkativeness	Stepped On	W'on Her Way



# THE PRIVATE

Keehner, Dorothy Klugman, Max	"Dot" "Klugy"	Smiling None	Grouch Search Us	Hair Method of Eating	Kindergarten Teacher Field Marshal	She Deserved It Worked His Way Through
Koschorreck, Viola Krauter, Paul	"Vi" "Paulie"	Absence Slips Noiseless	Two Weeks' Detention Gunpowder	Her Laugh Poring Over Chem.	Ballet Dancer Hotelkeeper	Stepped Over Brains
Landenberger, Amelia Landis, Benjamin	"Melie" "Benny"	Silence Hiding	Talking Machine Bright Lights	Conscientiousness His Line of Talk	Crack Dishwasher Horrible	Studied Look of Wisdom
Lehman, Clarence Lerner, Gussie	"Klarence" "Gussy"	Awful Good Her Pull	A Grammar Book In Dutch	Ceaseless Chatter Bluffing	Window Dresser Nurse in a Doll Hospital	Legitimately Favoritism
Levey, William Lipshutz, Saul	"Bill" "Lip"	Sweetness Pivot Copy	A Beautiful Girl Ask Her	Studious Look Important	Surgery Doctor Horse Doctor	Worked Hard He'll Never Tell
Mandelstein, David Martinelli, Martin	"Mundy" "Marty"	Fiddling Bashful	More Home Work A Rattle	Quietness Self-Satisfaction	Mr. Wiener's Office Cash Boy	Fixed It Up Watchful Waiting
McKeown, Elizabeth Myerson, Louise	"Kid Mac" "Louise"	Lots of 'Em Giggling	A Ducking Loveless Life	Blue Eyes Lively	Telephone Operator Candy Kid	No One Missed Her In Soft
Michelstein, Jennie Millsbaugh, Marian	"Jen" "Millsy"	Chin Music Candy	Isolation Hooverize	Self-respect Her Smile	Lockjaw Single Blessedness	She Don't Know Sailed Through
Minder, Julia Minnefor, Charles	"Jul" "Chawlie"	Athletics Quiétude	No Gym Mice	Basketball Slowness	Conductorette Who Knows?	Played Through Forced
Novak, Wilma Oliner, Sadie	"Wilm" "Oli"	Free Speech Shortness	Desert Island Being Stretched	Busy Ceaseless Chatter	Farmerette Cash Girl	A Mistake Overlooked
Pennell, Vespasian	"Pooh"	Postoffice	Fired	Spaghetti	Letter Carrier	Blew His Way Through
Poles, Simon Prag, Louis	"Piggy" "Pragie"	All Wrong Math.	Chloroform Unknown	Raising Mischief Talkative	Errand Boy Penitentiary	Eventually Midnight Oil
Park, Ruth Radler, Fannie	"Parksy" "Fly"	Grinding Voice	High Life Mouth Organ	Spinster-like Humor	Rural Schoolmarm Small	Grinding Slipped Under
Rittenbaud, Mary	"Ritty"	Never Serious	Hard Work	Noisy	Manicurist in Street Cleaning Dept.	Camouflage
Rosenblum, Geo. Robinson, Earl	"Go-o-o-rge" "Oil Can"	Athletic Minister's Daughter	Denver Nuff Sed	Size His Hee-haw	Motorman Butcher	Hard Work Time Will Tell
Ruff, Henry Rosenbaum, Sadie	"Kid Rough" "Sadie"	Roughneck (?) Bookkeeping	Gang Fight Graduation	Actions Friendliness	A Prize Fighter Hawaiian Dancer	Bullied Looks
Runyon, Ethel Schrenzel, Ruth	"Tuesday" "Cutie"	Bones Looks	Flesh Get Mussed Up	Bangs Her Looks	Toothpick Model Manicurist	Mystery Fooled the Public
Seideman, Shirley Seroff, Ben	"Shirley" "Paderewski"	Writing Poetry Too Much on His Head	Rejection Slips Haircut	Frizzed Hair Haircut	Cash Girl Cabaret Artist	Ask Her Walked Through
Shaposhinkow, Sarah	"Shapy"	Love	Headache Powders	Her Feet	A Suffragette	Eventually, Why Not Now?
Siegal, Elizabeth Sosnow, Emanuel	"Lizzy" "Nanny"	Unsociability Cutting	A Debut Straightjacket	Everything His Brains (?)	Old Ladies' Home Fish Peddler	We Don't Know Pushed Through
Spitzhoff, Frederick Sukerman, Nellie	"Spitzy" "Nell"	Nonsense She's All Right	Sense Brace Up	Originality (?) Work	A Bohemian An Early Marriage	A Hole in the Line Deserved It
Van Oesen, Herman Wanderer, Herbert	"Cutie" "Wandy"	Height Lunch Room	Compression Cook Book	Complexion Height	Pretzel Designer Steeplechase	Bluffed Not Aware
Wyman, Olive Zalkin, Lillian	"Oli" "Zalky"	Studying	Recreation	Her Energy Inactivity	A Waitress Wart Remover	Worked Studied



# POETRY

THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1919

By AMELIA LANDENBERGER and MARGUERITE HAUCK

Here they are, the Seniors all,  
Those who graced fair Central's hall;  
Who four long years have toiled and strived  
And now have at their goal arrived.

A

Among the "A's" two names we find,  
Fan Abramson, a maid so kind;  
Gert Ashbey's name does too appear,  
A lass quite slim, yet of good cheer.

B

"B" takes us to Doris Bartenow's name—  
As "Calamity Jane" she's won her fame.  
Berla, we find a "Tailor-Made Man,"  
And Berkowitz, President of our Clan.

C

Ceglowski, known as our class pest,  
Proves true-blue when put to test.  
Sadye Cohen, an athlete rare,  
Is dark as Lena Creed is fair.

D

A dramatic star we find in "D,"  
"Sellie" Decker—here's to thee!  
Esther Donner comes next in line,  
Then De Vita with looks sublime.

E

Poor Eichorn all alone we see  
As we glance through letter "E."

F

Our "Katie's" lisp and naughty wink  
Sends lads in ecstasies, we think.  
'Tis Katherine Forst of whom we speak,  
Come to 110 and take a peek.  
George Freibott's name does too appear,  
The chemistry "lab" he hovers near.

G

Of "G's" we have a score or more—  
There's Greenblatt, whom we all adore,  
And Gepner, Greenberg and Greenwald;  
Three Ginsbergs—Bessie, Rose and Saul.  
Lil Goldman and F. Gash are found,  
As fashion models they are renowned.

H

Harkavy certainly makes things hum;  
Of Hazel Harenberg there's quite some.  
Hasenzahl and Hueneke, two studious girls,  
And Marguerite Hauck, who sets things awirl.

I & J

I and J we must omit,  
We cannot find a name to fit.

K

"Dot" Kehner's auburn (?) crown of glory  
Is well renowned in song and story.  
Enter May Kampf and Klugman with wiles;  
Then "Vi" Koscherrock—maid of smiles.

L

Landis and Lehmann we now behold,  
Then Lipschutz, a politician bold.  
Gussie Lerner, a jolly lass;  
Next—the vice-president of our class.

M

You'll all agree with us, we're sure,  
That E. McKeown is shy, demure.  
Michelstein and Myerson—girls of poise;  
Millspaugh and Minder—the class tom-boys  
Now come three lads we can't pass o'er,  
Grave Martinka and gay Minnefor;  
And Mandelstein deserves his dues  
As our "Kentucky Chaser of Blues."

N

"N" brings out a blushing miss,  
Wilma Novak, by fortune kissed.

O

Sadye Oliner we next espy—  
She's very small but—OH, MY!

P

While traveling through the "P's" we meet  
Ruth Park, in knowledge hard to beat;  
Pennell and Poles, our athletes true,  
Then wily Prag comes into view.

R

That Rosenblum has done his share  
On Central's gridiron we're all aware;



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S. Rosenbaum must take her stand  
With Radler, Runyon and Rittenband.

S  
We've many "S's," you'll allow,  
Ruth Schrenzel, Seideman and Shaposhnikow;  
Nellie Sukerman, told in brief,  
THE PIVOT's Editor-in-Chief;  
Siegal and Sosnow found on our list,  
With Spitzhoff and Seroff will be missed.

V  
Van Oesen next, a handsome blond,  
A chap of whom the girls are fond.

W  
Herbert Wanderer, swift and fleet,  
With Olive Wyman here we meet.  
And now the end we nearly see  
As we pass on to letter "Z."

Z  
Lillian Zalkin, do not us blame,  
That at the end you find your name,  
But blame the fates that gave to thee  
A name that starts with letter "Z."

## SAD CHARGE OF THE SENIOR A's

BY GEORGE ROSENBLUM.

Forward the Senior Class  
Silently, mournfully,  
Silently, onward  
Out of Central High School  
Went the seventy-two.  
"Forward the Senior Class!"  
Into the cruel world they pass.

Now in 1915,  
Was there a person late?  
Ready to meet his fate  
Sat they undaunted.  
Ours but to make reply,  
Ours but to reason why,  
Ours but to toil and sigh,  
For four years in Central High.

Old Profs to the right of us,  
Young Profs to the left of us,

Sly Profs in front of us,  
Marking down a ten?????  
Stormed with infernal Dutch,  
Physics, chem, and such,  
Trig, and geom, that much,  
We prayed in vain.  
Old Profs to the right of us,  
Young Profs to the left of us,  
Sly Profs behind us,  
Watching for "cribs."

Now we pass from Central old,  
Not into a world of gold,  
But a world of thorns and sorrow,  
So let's smile and do our best,  
Work our hardest, do not rest,  
Do it now, not on the morrow.

## EPITAPHS

I  
Here lie the echoes of a voice,  
Once a horror to Miss Joyce.  
You've heard it ringing every place  
And seen its owner face to face.  
Sam Harkavy!

II  
In a lonely country spot  
Lie the remains of an orange sock.  
Who would have thought that we would find  
You to so hard a lot confined?  
Cruel Greenblatt!

III  
There was a lass of stately form,  
Who lugged big books, both night and morn;  
A body bent and bowed with care  
Is all that's left of a maid once fair.  
Poor Mary Rittenband!

IV  
Here in these woods, too sad to relate,  
A bug-catcher met her fate.  
Lured on by a mosquito bold  
She fell into a pond and caught a cold.  
Poor Amelia Landenberger!

V  
On this tree top you will see  
One who ran a "tin lizzie."  
A "Pilot" brave, he could command,  
And ruled the 4A's with an iron hand.  
President Berkowitz!

VI  
Oh how you'll miss them one and all,  
Those senior A's, so proud and tall,  
For so good a class will ne'er be seen  
As that which graduates, June, '19!  
We hate ourselves!



# IN THE PIVOT

## A SENIOR'S RETROSPECT

By BEN SEROFF

### I

'Twas at this school where I began  
When I was just a little man  
With dappled cheeks and glaring eyes  
And pantaloons six times my size;  
With hair uncombed, for 'twas no rule  
To have it combed at grammar school,  
And shoes half torn, half worn away,  
I walked to school to learn each day.  
And when at last to school I came,  
To Central High of world-wide fame,  
They drove me there from place to place,  
A One Bee seemed a great disgrace.  
Not only boys and girls knocked me,  
But our beloved faculty.  
Instead of losing confidence,  
As pupils did who lacked good sense,  
I worked and worked with all my might  
And always made my answers right;  
And thus a noble year rolled o'er  
And I became a sophomore.

### II

And now, dear reader, picture me  
With history and geometry  
And English, as in previous terms,  
All to prepare for outside firms  
With whom, when I at last succeed,  
I'll act and earn, striving to feed  
Those who depend upon my toil  
From knowledge gained on Central's soil.  
Latinic phrases are, I guess,  
But one instance of my success,  
For "result" now is "consequence"  
And "to be fresh" is "impudence."  
A study I shall ne'er regret  
Is geometry, nor shall I forget  
The man who teaches A and B  
In that stern room of 103.  
With "Central is the school for me,"  
I thus became a Junior B.

### III

This is the term when many leave,  
For physics seems to make them grieve.  
As the fatal cards are turned each day  
Those unprepared kneel down to pray,  
"Oh! Teacher, Mr. Teacher, mine,  
Please skip my card, now do be fine;  
I'll do my home work every day  
If you will put my card away."  
The bell then rings. Oh! what delight  
For those who were out late last night,  
But those who were prepared felt sad,  
Is't not enough to make one mad?  
So Joy and Sorrow, hand in hand,  
Go strolling for their next command,  
Until the "Liberty Bell" is heard  
And then I rush home like a bird  
That in cold weather rushes south,  
Escaping winter's opened mouth.  
So German, Physics, History,  
Made out of me a Senior B.

### IV

This is the term I have most faith,  
For I expect to graduate.  
I therefore study day by day  
And put all "quips and cranks" away  
Until the good news I will hear,  
"You'll graduate now, don't you fear!"  
My pleasure will then come to me,  
My sports and all my jollity.  
Four years have gone just as sweet dreams  
From sleepers vanish, and it seems  
But yesterday that I began,  
A bashful, tattered, little man,  
To enter daily Central's door,  
And now I leave for evermore.

## OUR SAILORS

By GERTRUDE ASHBEE.

The great gray ship went plunging forth,  
On its long voyage to the north,  
Commanded by a man so true,  
Who'd guide it o'er the ocean blue.

Like a phantom gray it went,  
O'er the deep. It had been sent,  
To guard the old flag on the sea,  
To fight for right and liberty.

The sailors were a brave young crew,  
Who'd cast their lots on Neptune's blue,

They'd promised that they'd all be true,  
To fight for our Red, White, and Blue.

The great gray ship was rocked and tossed,  
The sailors knew that they'd be lost,  
Unless the wireless would work,  
And send their message to the clerk.

The message was received afar,  
A boat was launched to help the tars,  
Our ship was saved, our sailors too,  
And still they sail the ocean blue.



# THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

## POPULARITY CONTEST

HELD BY CLASS OF JUNE, 1919

(1st and 2nd Choices are Given)

<b>Most Popular Girl—</b> Marian Millspaugh Sadye Cohen	<b>Best Girl Orator—</b> Hazel Harenberg Lena Greenwald	<b>Most Conceited—</b> Lillian Goldman (unanimous) Frank Rath	<b>Noisiest Girl—</b> Dorothy Keehner Selma Decker
<b>Most Popular Boy—</b> Samuel Berkowitz Henry Bromberg	<b>Best Girl Athlete—</b> Julia Minder Sadye Cohen	<b>Best Mixer—</b> Sam Harkavy John Ceglowski	<b>Most Boyish Girl—</b> Julia Minder Sadye Cohen
<b>Handsome Girl—</b> Ruth Shrenzel Lena Creed	<b>Best Boy Athlete—</b> George Rosenblum Herman Greenblatt	<b>Class Pessimist—</b> Samuel Berkowitz Esther Donner	<b>Most Girlish Boy—</b> Clarence Lehmann Julian Berla
<b>Handsome Boy—</b> Frank Rath Herman Von Oesen	<b>Best Boy Dresser—</b> Julian Berla Earl Robinson	<b>Wittiest Person—</b> Julian Berla Marguerite Hauck	<b>Biggest Bluffer—</b> John Ceglowski Pennell
<b>Best All-round Boy—</b> George Rosenblum Saul Lipschitz	<b>Best Girl Dresser—</b> Ethel Runyon Lena Greenwald	<b>Calamity Jane—</b> Dorris Bartenow Fannie Radler	<b>Class Baby—</b> Hazel Harenberg (unanimous) Henry Ruff
<b>Best All-round Girl—</b> Esther Donner Amelia Landenberger	<b>Best Boy Dancer—</b> George Freibott (?) Samuel Harkavy	<b>Best Singer—</b> Marian Millspaugh Ida Bohrer	<b>Class Politician—</b> Saul Lipschitz Sam Harkavy
<b>Biggest Boy Grind—</b> Augustus Martinelli Sam Berkowitz	<b>Best Girl Dancer—</b> Selma Decker Hazel Harenberg (?)	<b>Noisiest Boy—</b> Sam Harkavy Earl Robinson	<b>Hardest Worker (for class)—</b> Amelia Landenberger Nellie Sukerman
<b>Biggest Girl Grind—</b> Ruth Park Mary Rittenband	<b>Most School-Spirited</b> Selma Decker Henry Bromberg	<b>Class Optimist—</b> Louis Prag Henry Ruff	<b>Teachers We Like the Best—</b> Mr. Dickerson Mr. Sinclair Mr. Herzberg Mr. Conovitz
<b>Best Boy Orator—</b> Herman Pertzowitz Augustus Martinelli	<b>Biggest Braggart—</b> Ida Bohrer Ben Seroff		

### When Senior Meets Senior

On an afternoon in April, when it was growing late,  
Some seniors walked in noisily—in numbers they were  
eight—

Entered 211 and a club declared they'd form,  
But when it came to naming it, Heavens, what a  
storm!

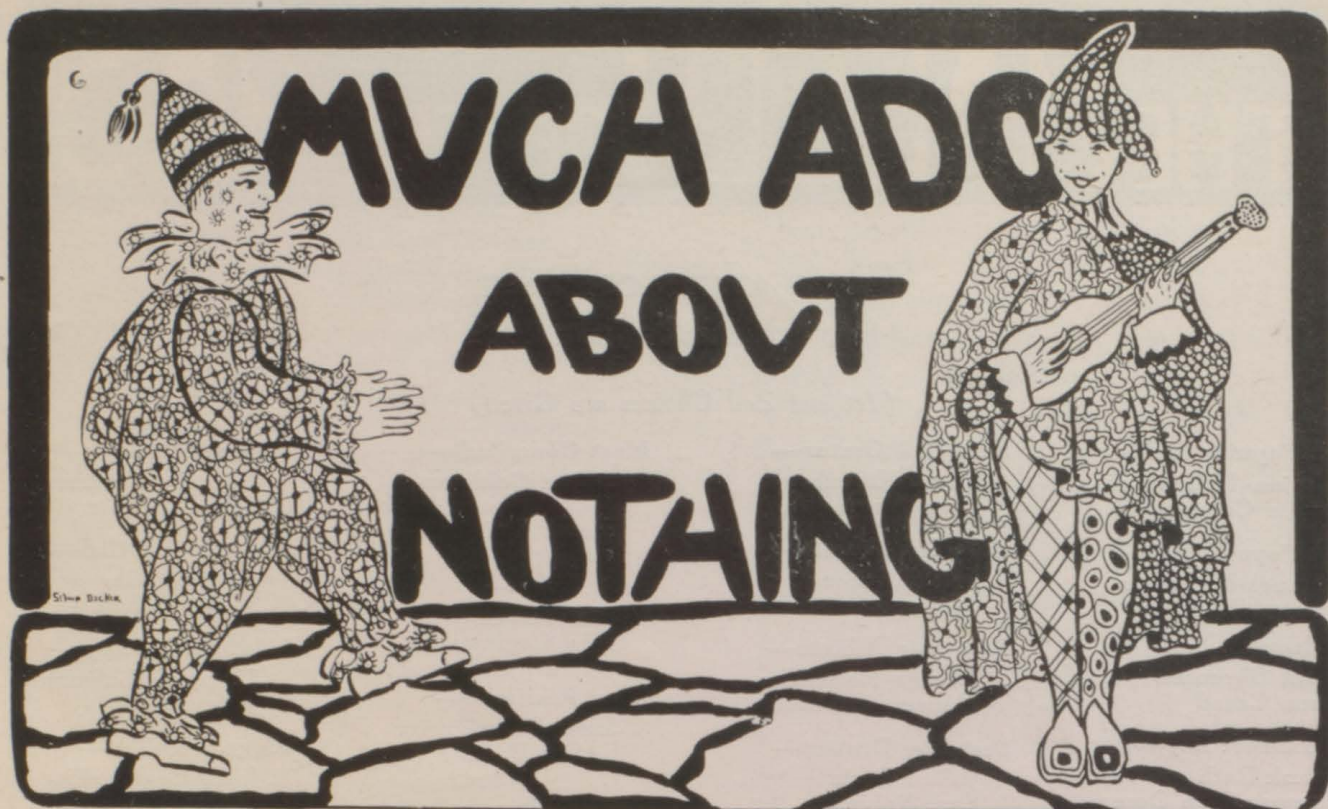
A Tennis Club one'd get it, a social club another.  
At last when all had shouted their suggestions to each  
other,

Some one upon a bright thought hit,  
And said, "The Racket Club" we'll call it!

This was the thought that came to me  
As I burned the midnight oil:  
Why not take insurance out  
For all the senior class,  
So when June comes they need not pout  
But be guaranteed to pass.

That hefty chap named George  
On the football team found room,  
But appearances are deceiving—  
He's a tender *Rose-in-bloom*.





#### During Recitation

Herbert Pfeil—"I can't recite from the front seat because I can't stand people laughing behind my back."

#### Oh, Those Girls!

Fritzie—"Can you keep a secret, Bertha?"

Bertha—"I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

Wise Senior—"Tests don't worry me; I flunk them anyway."

#### What We Call Clever

Harry Richmond—"How square is Washington Square?"

Esther Moscovitz (after a moment's hesitation)—  
"As round as Columbus Circle."

#### Wanted by Seniors

Easy exams.

Diplomas.

A memorable commencement.

A job for every one.

4B's who will think of them upon stepping into their place.

#### Exactly

Editor: "If you don't have that done by tomorrow I'll fire you."

Monroe Weltman: "Fire me now and I won't have to do it."

#### Modern Proverbs of a IA

It's a long alley that has no ashbarrel.

April showers bring summer colds.

Home is where the eats are.

Where ye rip there shall ye sew.

It is never too late to spend.

There are two sides to every fence.

Do unto others as you have been done.

Grab what you can reach.

Norman Hagney: "Did you hurt yourself when you fell into that hole?"

Ruding Kafka—"Yes; some idiot stopped up the other end."

#### Heard from a Senior

"At last I'm classified in 110. It took me five years to get there!"

#### True! True!

Music Teacher: "Open your mouths wide—as if you were trying to swallow your mouths. (Goodness knows some of them would stick in your throats.)"



# THE PIVOT

WE were out driving  
YESTERDAY in a  
NASTY Cadillac  
AND we  
GOT hungry. So  
WE  
ATE  
THE  
CAR.  
HUH? Oh! It  
TURNED  
TURTLE.

Valentine, dust off the electric chair!

## But When?

Teacher: "Can you answer that question?"

Mary Rittenband: "Yes." (Proceeds to demonstrate. She talks for a few minutes.)

Teacher: "But you're not answering the question."

Mary: "I'm coming to that."

## Conspicuities

Van Oesen's beauty.  
Sherman's collars.  
Shenkel's proportions.  
Krim's knowledge.  
Gertrude Ashbey's noise (?).  
Fannie Radler's height.  
Spitzhoff's foolishness.  
Sid Cohen's smile.  
Klugman's hair.  
Ethel Runyon's many good points.  
Prag's seriousness.  
Sadie Rosenbaum's eyes.  
Dorothy Keehner's giggle.  
Lena Creed's dimples.  
"Sellie" Decker's noise.  
Harkavy's wit.  
Lillian Goldman's style.  
Eichorn's feet.  
Amelia Landenberger's knowledge.  
Greenblatt's bluffing.  
Ethel Runyon's walk.  
Ruth Schrenzel's curls.  
Berkowitz's hair.  
Hazel Harenberg's proportions.  
Spitzhoff's daily ravings.  
Marguerite Hauck coming late to the homeroom.

## Famous Sayings

Prag: "We have met the faculty and they are ours."

Sir Klugy: "We came, we saw, we conquered."

IB to Lillian Goldman: "A penny for your thoughts."

Lillian Goldman: "I have none."

## That First Morning Speech

The day has come—we shake with fear,  
The morning talk you now will hear.  
We make ourselves feel strong—reserved;  
We hear our name—then lose our nerve.  
We stand up straight, then make our bow,  
The hardest thing is to start just now;  
Our tongues are tied, we cannot cry,  
We feel embarrassed enough to die.

Our nerve returns—but still we lack  
Ability to hit that tack;  
We make a blunder—then turn red—  
Oh! what an ache comes to our head.

At last it's o'er—it was *some* fun,  
We'd do it again—now that it's done.  
We gladly take our faint applaud,\*  
But don't forget—sometimes it's fraud.

\* Poetic license.

## We Wonder

What Miss Zalkin will do without Minnefor to do her Spanish.

What Rosenblum will do with all his C's.

If the girls of 206 will be honored with boys in their room next term.

Who invented detention.

What Centralite will be president of the United States.

What would happen to certain girls if no more sick slips were issued.

How Sadye got the "Y" in her name.

## Seen and Heard at the Central-South Side Game

Carangelo pitching wonderful ball.

Eddie Charles sitting on the "bags."

Gene Donnelly "all dressed up."

Lehmann making a home run.

South Siders getting peeved.

"Pertzie" in general.

Gabby "gabbing."

Feinseth leading cheers.

The pretzel boy all sold out.

Smullen fighting.

"Tuesday" Runyon and her pal.

Someone inquiring why Bill Hooper is so happy (bet we know).

Freibott Bros. and their crowded (?) machine.

"Bobby" Kinsey "catching" PIVOT notes.

Marion Lesser asking whether Carangelo pitched for both sides.

Heard! The players chewing gum.

The popular umpire.

The final suspense.

The WHOLE GAME.



# I AM AND THE PIVOT

## "All the World's a Stage"

The Silent Voice.....Gertrude Ashbey  
Cousin Lucy.....Herman Van Oesen  
Mae Marsh.....Selma Decker  
The Little School Teacher.....Viola Koschorreck  
Innocent.....Lena Creed  
New York Idea.....Harry Sherman  
Butterfly on the Wheel.....Hazel Harenberg  
Somebody's Sweetheart....."Syd" Cohen  
Friendly Enemies

Hattie Hueneke and Mary Rittenband  
Listen, Lester!.....Julian Berla  
Everything.....Amelia Landenberger  
Daddies.....George Rosenblum  
Take It From Me.....Prag  
Tiger Rose.....Frances Gash



## Proverbs of a Senior

Birds of a feather flunk together.  
If you want something well done never let someone else do it for you.

## LIMERICKS

There is a young lady named Decker,  
Whom we would advise to use Hecker.  
That self-raising flour  
Would cause her to tower  
More grand than high heels can make her.

There was a young Chappie named Pertz  
(To tell of him actually hurts);  
He thought he'd leave Central  
With a rah! rah! and ral! ral!  
But now he's going in spurts.

There is a bright lassie named Keehner;  
When people say "blondy" they mean her.  
Though she's small as to size  
She has romantic eyes.  
You surely have heard her or seen her.

The 4B's would like to know why the senior A's  
think so much more of themselves than they do of the  
4B's.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

A senior class with 100 per cent. promotion.

Louis may not fly a Kite,  
But he plays a ukelele "out of sight."

Hark—I hear a voice away,  
'Tis Sam! 'Tis Sam! 'Tis Sam, I say!

## At Last

Tillie Cohen  
Still is goin',  
Still is on her way.  
Soon she'll reach  
That goal of each—  
Her graduation day.

## Did You Ever See—

Harkavy with his mouth shut?  
Greeny not laughing?  
Syd Cohen without Rosenblum?  
Lillian Goldman not vamping?

## Familiar Allusions

Utopia—Our Alma Mater.  
Augustan Age—Our Senior Year.  
Aeneid—Our High School Careers.  
Good Queen Bess—Our Dean, Mrs. Poland.  
Jacobites—All True Centralites.  
The Bowery—Locker Rooms.  
Fifth Avenue—Corridors on the Second Floor.  
Grub Street—Lunchroom.  
Doomsday—Day of Senior Exams.  
Red Letter Day—Commencement.  
Minnesingers—Voice Fortune Class.  
Rat Hole—PIVOT Office.  
Newgate—208.  
Know-Nothings—Freshies.  
Bastile—Detention.

## When the Sweet Girl Graduates

Her mother sends her flowers.  
Her dad gives her a ring.  
Her brother treats her to a dance at his frat house.  
Her godmother sends her a check for a good, substantial amount.  
Her aunt sends her flowers.  
Her uncle sends her flowers.  
Ditto a horde of relations.  
And everyone looks at her in awe and wonder  
(wondering how she ever made it).  
What wouldn't we give to be a sweet girl and graduate?

## Enough Said

Julia Minder's boyishness.  
Klugman's oratory.  
Sadie Cohen raving about physics.



# THE PIVOT

## Bitingly—So to Speak

Pertzowitz's musical teeth are very interesting. He was performing on them one day, with the aid of a pencil, having as an audience several economics co-students. All marvelled but Julian Berla. He scoffed, "Huh! I can make more noise than that, I've got a holler tooth."

## Could You Imagine—

No capers or smart sayings on the boards?  
Having an hour for lunch?  
Hattie and Mary not being together?  
Lipshutz without PIVOT copy?  
Anna Ziccardi without her ears enclosed in her hair?  
Ruff without his Hindenburg haircut?  
Less than 50 running for G. O. Executive?  
Kraeuter and Ceglowksi not talking Chemistry?  
Mandelstein understanding his Chem?  
Robinson without his laugh?  
Harkavy with his mouth closed?  
Hazel Harenberg being thin?  
Greenblatt not bluffing?  
No homework in English?  
A Senior *not* trying to look important?  
Order at 4A meetings?  
Lillian Goldman not talking about herself?  
"Sellie" Decker walking straight?  
Sid Cohen without that smile?  
Rosenblum in a hurry?  
Nellie Sukerman not after PIVOT reporters?  
Klugman without Prag?

## Ear-marks of a "Select" Senior

1. Great familiarity with and affection for the office force.
2. Desire to join groups whenever possible in front of the library and office.
3. Blase kind of speech and nonchalant kind of action.
4. Great proficiency in that great all-American game—bluffing.

## Sights in 1928

Prag, with five kids.  
Harkavy, street cleaner.  
Berla, stage manager.  
Klugman, Commander-in-Chief.  
Goldman, Theda Bara.  
Ruff, Smooth and Ruff Co.

## A Necessity

They intended to have the baby christened John Jellicoe Douglas Haig Lloyd George Bonar Law Smithers.

The minister turned tragically to the sexton: "Dear me, Mr. Jones, there's not enough water."—Ex.

## Plays as We See Them

Somebody's Sweetheart—Rosa Hasenzahl.  
Three Wise Fools—Harkavy, Robinson, and Cal-  
andra.  
The Net—The official machinery at Central.  
Lightnin'—Captain Caprio.  
The Invisible Foe—The six you don't know you're  
getting.  
Tea for Three—(Only it's cocoa and generally for  
300 in the lunchroom.)  
Miss Nelly of N'Orleans—Our Editor.  
A Sleepless Night—After you've played "hookey."  
Keep It to Yourself—The answer you know is  
wrong.  
East is West—Rocco.  
A Sleepless Night—The night before the senior  
exams.  
Sometime—Graduation.  
Friendly Enemies—Greenblatt & Harkavy.  
Tailor-Made Man—Herman Van Oesen.  
Daddies—The senior fellows some years hence.  
Eyes of Youth—Elizabeth MacKeown.  
Miss Simplicity—Lena Creed.  
Velvet Lady—Lillian Goldman.  
Forever After—Memories of Graduation.  
Penny Wise—Greenblatt.  
Oh! My Dear!—Hazel Harenberg.  
The Crowded Hour—A study period with no  
home-work done.  
A Little Journey—From the gym to the fourth  
floor.  
Inseparable—Klugman and Prag.

## Really!

Economics Teacher: "What class of immigrants  
will be excluded?"  
Rose Feurstein: "Foreigners."

## Fame

Famous Men—  
Woodrow Wilson  
Ox-man  
Famous Wits—  
George M. Cohan  
Berko-  
Mosko-

## Freibott

KlugmAn  
Van Oesen  
ROcco  
PRag  
MartInelli  
PertzowiTz  
BERla  
GinSberg



## COLUMNETICS

BY THE COLUMNITE

### "DUMMIES"

Dummies is dummies! No two ways around it. Only some is *dummer* than others. And some'r so much different. F'rinstance. We got a dummy home which is operated by ropes. One rope goes up 'n the other down. 'N yet we wouldn't *think* of classifying it with some of the dummies that operate it. Then we have the dumbbell. What, we ask, is more unenlightening than a wise crack by a dumbbell? But there is a dummy that causes more trouble to ye poor laboring PIVOT Editor than it would seem possible. Every month she has to paste this dummy up for fair. For an inanimate bundle of papers it takes the cake in the trouble-making class. She no sooner gets it to her liking than, poof! Another ad comes in that she has to make room for. Ah, now it is complete! Nope, 'tain't! The printer bawls her out for havin' too much copy on a page and—well, we hope to tell you, the first hundred years are the worst.

### Notebooks

It has been estimated by authorities that if all the notebooks used by high-school students in their senior year were placed end on end they would reach from here to Nyschmnonabl, in the Klondike region, just beyond Mesoptamia. We have cause to believe it, too, for being a senior we have come in very close contact with the so-called note-taking species. And perhaps have been in the class ourselves. Wouldn't doubt it. Now, the question comes to us (and to all free-thinking people) as to the disposition of these same notebooks after their primary use to their originators has been exhausted. Are they taken home and kept, to be handed down to the next generation? Are they torn across and committed to the wastebasket? Are they flung into the stove to have as their last torment the flames that lick about their leaves and finally devour them? Or are they passed on to the first friend who is due to take the same subject? Aye, there's the rub!

And, inclining to the last theory, we have a hunch that the college student was right when he said, "It took me four years to learn that, hang it all, and now I've lost all my notebooks."

The pitcher had his picture taken with a picturesque pitcher in his hand.

### Favorite Haunts

M. Hauck—the Broad.  
A. Landenburger—the Library.  
E. McKeown—the Movies.  
V. Koschorreck—Vailsburg.  
D. Bartenow—110.  
Julia Minder—the Gym.  
L. Greenwald—the Lockers.  
Klugman—217.  
Prag—the school's o'er.

Esther Moscovitz: "My grandpa has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't that wonderful?"

Laura Eisner: "Wonderful, nothing! Look at the time it's taken him to do it."

Ida Miller: "Why have words roots, Aurelia?"  
Aurelia Kabus: "To make the language grow."

### After Fred Freibott's Forum Oration

Somebody said, "If it were not for my *noose* I know my *nose* would know more *news* than any *news* anybody's *nose* *knows* because of the *noose* my neck *knows*."

### Hints Gleaned from Here and There

(Mainly from the "General Observer," See-it-all, Kalamazoo.)

I. An inexpensive way of procuring the striped sox now so much in vogue is as follows: Meander unobtrusively past a prison on wash day. When the caretaker is employed at other work reach out a cautious right hand, grab a pair of sox your size and beat it. Take care, however, not to appropriate the rest of the fascinating suit. By doing so you would invite considerable trouble.

II. When opportunity knocks at your door the best thing to do is to open it in such a hurry that she forgets herself and tumbles into your arms. It is a much easier and surer method than that of open chase.

### THOSE 4A's

The sheep are in the meadow,  
The cows are in the grass,  
And all the biggest heads, it seems,  
Are in the 4A class.

Sing a song of seniors,  
Pocket full of dough,  
Twenty-four photographers  
Sitting in a row.

When the doors are opened  
The cash begins to ring;  
The man that runs a studio  
Is richer than a king.



# THE PIVOT

## STARS

John—"Her teeth are like stars."  
Mary—"How is that?"  
John—"Well, they come out every night."

Teacher—"Give me the plural of child."  
Bright 1A—"Twins!"

Teacher—"The peacock is the male bird. What is the female?"  
Sadie Berkowitz—"The ostrich."

## HEARD NEAR BOYS' LOCKERS

1A—"Did you pass everything?"  
1B—"Yes, all except arithmetic, shorthand, and English."

Gertrude and May had a falling out because:  
May—"I know it is so."  
Gertrude—"It is not."  
May—"Didn't I go to school, stupid?"  
Gertrude—"Yes, and you came back stupid."

## ALWAYS DOING IT

Tillie doing the silence act, in economics.  
The two strawberry blondes (Hattie and Mary) eating ice cream cones.  
Dot and Sam calling each other "Red Head."  
The girls of 206 raising the roof at all periods of the day.  
Margaret Millspaugh surrounded by a dozen of fellows. "Say, give the others a chance."  
Pennell making use of his home-made laugh.  
Robinson bragging about the good times he had with the girls.  
Minnefor helping her do her Spanish.  
Our music teacher, Mr. Smith, watching that no one steals first base in the lunch line.  
"Jonesy" getting pulled out of line in gym.  
Anne getting a sick slip every Thursday.

GreenblAtt  
FreiboTt  
LeHmann  
PoLes  
PennEll  
PerTzowitz  
RosEnblum  
RobinSon

## Alibi Al

He always had an alibi;  
He'd say, "Gee! I was sick,"  
Or, "Give me just another day,  
I can't get it done so quick."  
His alibi was a "Trolley Strike"  
When he got to school too late;  
No doubt he'll pan off a fake excuse  
On St. Peter to get through the gate.

Nellie Sukerman  
Simon POles  
David Mandelstein  
SadyE Cohen

Selma Decker  
Julian BERla  
Herman GreenNblatt  
PhillIp Gepner  
Lillian GOLDman  
Sam BeRKowitz

Amelia LaNdenberger  
George ROsenblum  
EThel Runyon  
SAm Harkavy  
Earle RoBINson  
Fanny RadLER  
HENry Puff  
VespaSian Pennell

HAS 110 A ROOSTER FOR A MASCOT?



## A FEW ADJECTIVES

Fat—Hazel Harenberg.  
Chubby—Elizabeth McKeown.  
Witty—Marguerite Hauck.  
Talkative—Dot Keehner.  
Studious—Ruth Park.  
Wise—Amelia Landenburger.  
Bashful—Viola Koschorreck.  
Cute—Lena Creed.  
Noisy—Rosa Hasenzahl.  
Stunning—Lena Greenwald.

1B (in a stage-whisper to his neighbor): "Aw, shut up, you're the biggest dunce in the room."  
Teacher: "Boys, don't forget that I'm in the room."

"Berkie," said mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."  
"Good night!" replied Berkie. "You must have been a terror. Look at grandpa."



# ON THE TRAIL OF A PIVOT AD-GETTER

## ON THE TRAIL OF A PIVOT AD-GETTER

By SELMA DECKER

Following an ad-getter is as bad as pursuing the elusive ad to its lair, and there baiting it. Sometimes it falls, and sometimes you fail. It's a case of in and out and around and back again.

After two hours of this gruelling chase, the Ad-Getteress (yes, it was a girl) concluded that all people could be divided into (1) those who advertised, and (2) those who didn't. The first class could again be subdivided into (a) those who were willing to be convinced, and (b) those who came across with the ad without any palavering. The second set included (a) those who let you talk and then turned you down, and (b) those who wouldn't let you even talk.

The first ad *She* got was a full page affair and it sure did make her feel fine. Thereafter, in quick succession, followed a series of shocks that somewhat cooled her enthusiasm and *She* remarked grimly to herself, "You can bet that if it wasn't for my own Senior PIVOT I'd call quits."

One evening after supper she called on the owner of

the movie around the corner. "He can't do any more than say 'No'," *She* thought. So *She* marched up the stairs to his office and began to present her case. But he was studying the contract blank and didn't even seem to hear her. "Well, I'll take a quarter page." "Yes, sir." And with all the experience gained in writing the other contract, she began with a flourish on the new one. "Let me see—" he began slowly. (She looked up, all attention.) "It's cheaper for ten insertions, isn't it?" "Huh? Oh, y-y-yes-sir!" "Make it ten, then."

Phew! *She* raced home to Mother with the good news. Then, with a freshly powdered nose, raced out again, eager for new fields to conquer. Well, of course, she didn't conquer any more such glorious contracts, but she did manage to corral two lonesome eighth-pages, so her return home was not lacking in triumph.

"Now," she thought, "if I could only do that every night." But she *didn't*.

THE PIVOT acknowledges a contribution from Teddy Valentine. Let's hear from you again, Teddy.

Considering the cost of cloth now, Schwartz has become over-extravagant. He has bought himself a fine, new pair of long pants.

Meanings of the spelling words as Willie IB thought them:

Bodkin—A dagger.

Ruffle—To wrinkle.

Flounce—To spring.

Facing—To see under faces.

Accordion plait—A musical wind instrument.

### ROOM FOR CONTEMPLATION

Why is it that a brown hen has white chickens that eat green grass and lay big eggs that are all yellow inside and when used make raisin cake?

### FOUND UNDER A GEOME-TREE

Hypothesis—A rotten potato.

To prove—That it is a bee-hive.

Proof:

A rotten potato is a spec' (specked) tater.

A spectator is a beholder.

A bee-holder is a bee-hive.

Therefore a rotten potato is a bee-hive.

Mr. Edward McKinney, of our faculty, and Mr. A. B. Meredith, Assistant State Commissioner of Education, used to be schoolmates when they were boys in Massachusetts.

### Could You Imagine—

Bessie Ginsberg not talking?

Ruth Park not having her homework?

The floor after Hazel Harenberg fell on it?

Marguerite Hauck taking home books?

Yetta Abramson at a club meeting?

Rose Hasenzahl starting a commotion?

Elizabeth McKeown's comb not falling out?

Viola Koschorreck coming early to her home room?

Sam Harkavy knowing his Virgil translation?

Louise Meyerson not arguing in economics?

Nellie Sukerman without her stenotype machine?

Amelia Landenberger getting less than 9 in Latin?

Lena Creed with a pencil?

Klugman without the transit?

William Kelly can be seen any day after school in "Childs's" window throwing flap-jacks. He recently beat Pierce in a flap-jack throwing contest.

Doris became so excited when talking about suffrage, in 110, that she began to lose her hair.







### DONNELLY LEADS BASEBALL TEAM

A meeting of the Varsity baseball team was held on the 20th of April for the election of a captain for the coming season. When the smoke of battle cleared, it was found that Eugene Donnelly, of last year's team, was selected by the boys for their leader. Donnelly played catcher last year and will hold the same position this spring.

### CENTRAL OPENS WITH A WIN

The Central baseball team opened the season with a win over Montclair Academy at Montclair, on April 22, by the score of 9-4. The feature of the game was the pitching of Carangelo, of Central, who had 19 strikeouts to his credit and allowed the mountain boys only one hit. The Central team showed up well for its first time out and impressed everybody with its ability to hit when hits meant runs. The team started off in the first inning when Lehmann hit for the circuit with two men on the bases and from then on good pitching by Carangelo and good hitting by the Centralites combined to put the game on ice. Charles, Lehmann, Carangelo and Donnelly showed well for the winners and Stauffer and Ebersole for the losers.

The score by innings follows:

Central . . . .	2	0	0	2	3	0	0	2	0—9
Montclair . .	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0—4

Batteries—Carangelo and Donnelly; Ebersole, Kleinhaus and Scott.

### CENTRAL GRABS ANOTHER

Following their good work of April 22, the Central baseball team beat the East Siders on the 25th to the tune of 7-3 in a fairly well played game. In the very first inning the Central team got started when, with two men on the sacks, Donnelly, the Central catcher, rapped out a screeching double to left field.

From then on the Centralites were never headed. Pertzowitz was on the mound for the home team and he held the East Side team to five hits in addition to striking out nine men. The Down Neckers managed to squeeze in two of their runs in the seventh inning and one in the ninth. Central scored in the first, fourth and seventh innings. Charles, Lehmann and Donnelly hit well for the winners and the whole Central team played well in the field.

The score by innings follows:

Central . . . .	3	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0—7
East Side . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1—3

Batteries—Pertzowitz and Donnelly; Bogatko and Benkert.

### N. Y. U. MEET

Central finished second in the meet held at New York University recently, being nosed out for first place honors by the team of Bethlehem Prep., of Bethlehem, Penna. The absence of Captain Dan Caprio was felt. The Central runners who placed in this meet were:

Helbig, in the broad jump; second.  
Freibott, in the broad jump; third.  
Beattie, in the quarter-mile; second.  
Hooper, in the 880; fourth.  
Douglas in the one-mile; second.

The Central relay got only third place because of an accident to one of the runners.

### THE RELAY CARNIVAL

Central's relay team finished second in the one-mile national relay championship of America at the Baltimore Polytechnic School in a closely contested race. Central was running about even with the Marylanders on the third lap of the race and when Helbig was about to hand the baton to Beattie, the anchor man of the Baltimore team crossed in front of Beattie in order to receive the baton from his man,



# IN THE PIVOT

This unintentional foul threw Beattie out of stride and resulted in a loss of ten yards, which was a little too much for the lanky Centralite to make up, but at the tape he was closely pressing the Baltimore entry for first place and had the race gone but a few yards

further the chances are the Central man would have caught him. At that it was a very creditable performance as the best high schools in the country were entered and Central was placed in Class I of the schools in the event.

## SENIORS IN EVERY SPORT

Football			Baseball		
Greenblatt.	Rosenblum.	Robinson.	Greenblatt.	Pertzowitz.	Rosenblum.
				Lehmann.	
Track			Cross-Country		
Pennell.	Greenblatt.	Rosenblum.			
Landis.	Wanderer.	Freibott.	Pennell.		Wanderer.
Basketball			Soccer		
Poles.	Rosenblum.	Greenblatt.			
			Pennell.		

## ROSTER OF SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

### Central Service Club

President, Henry Bromberg; vice-president, Sam Berkowitz; secretary, Robert Caruba; faculty adviser, Mr. Mones.

### Girls' Service Club

President, Amelia Landenberger; vice-president, Verna Kinsey; secretary, Marion Millsbaugh; G. O. delegate, Elsie Gubsch; faculty adviser, Miss Rosecrans.

### 4A Class

President, Sam Berkowitz; vice-president, Amelia Landenberger; secretary, Sadye Cohen; treasurer, Philip Gepner; G. O. delegate, Nellie Sukerman; faculty adviser, Mr. Dickerson.

### 4B Class

President, Jacob Schmukler; vice-president, Alice Buck; secretary, Robert Caruba; G. O. delegate, Rose Karalunsky; faculty adviser, Mr. Arnold.

### Dante Literary Society

President, Charles Minnefor; vice-president, Anna Ziccardi; secretary, Mamie Nittoli; G. O. delegate, Frank Rocco; faculty adviser, Mr. Arnold.

### Tennis Club

President, Julian Berla; vice-president, Amelia Landenberger; secretary, Harry Sherman; G. O. delegate, Louis Gabrowitz; faculty adviser, Mr. Snodgrass.

### Technical Club

President, Vespasian Pennell; vice-president, Harold Bendel; secretary, Martin Miller; G. O. delegate, Morton Bermann; faculty adviser, Mr. Murray.

### Electrical Club

President, Louis Kite; vice-president, Norman C. Hall; secretary, Julian Berla; faculty adviser, Mr. Webb.



Miss Elsa Heilich's girls spending the gymnasium period on the terrace, where they are evidently enjoying the fresh air and sunshine.

## Central vs. Barringer May 29th

10 Cents to G. O. Members  
15 Cents to Non-members





### CENTRAL'S NEW SERVICE FLAG

Central now has her new service flag, a flag with the stars so fixed that they form the number 251 on the field of white. Central has responded nobly to the call to the colors, just as she has in every other war activity. Two hundred and fifty-one of our boys offered their all for America. To those two hundred and fifty-one Central soldiers who will soon come home to us, we are privileged to add gold stars for three Central boys who have "gone west." Central's gold stars are for Private Ernest Porter, Lieutenant Earl Pierson and Sergeant David Schnurr.

Although these boys have made the supreme sacrifice, as yet there are no gold stars in Central's banner. Surely we shall not forget the boys who have died for us. "For our tomorrow, those boys gave their today."

Three members of Central's faculty are on our roll

of honor, Lieutenant Harry ("Doc") Sargent, Miss Louise French and Mr. Benjamin Strang.

The women of America have done their share in the Great War, just as willingly as have the men. Any boy in the service will give the American women credit for their work. If the boys will give them credit, why not Central?

We have asked for the names of the Central boys in the service and the students of the school have responded to the request. We now want the students to find out the names of the Central girls who are in the service. So far we have the name of only one girl from Central who is working for Uncle Sam. Ruth Eskowitz is a yeowoman in the U. S. Navy. There must be other Central girls in the service, and Central, as their Alma Mater, wants to give these girls their due. We want to add as many red stars as possible to our flag.

### CENTRAL SERVICE TO LOSE ITS MOST ACTIVE MEMBERS

The majority of the members of Central's leading club, the Central Service Club, are senior A's. These students deserve commendation for the good work which they have done during their school careers in Central. They are continually promoting school spirit, securing new things for the school, and serving the school in every way possible. The club is a leading factor in the support of the G. O. The chief means of raising money this term was the Friday afternoon dances, of which Saul Lipschitz, a senior, was manager.

The leading officers of the club are seniors. Harry Bromberg is president and Sam Berkowitz is vice-president. With the coming graduation the club will lose: Philip Gepener, Julian Berla, Clarence Lehmann, David Mandelstein, Saul Lipschitz, Charles Minnefore, Martin Martinelli, Vespasian Pennell, George Rosenblum and William Levey.

### CENTRAL ORCHESTRA

David Rothenberg of 320 acted as leader and supervisor of the orchestra in place of Mr. R. A. Laslett Smith, while the latter was quarantined last month.

The active members of the orchestra are: First violins, David Mandelstein, Samuel Finkel, Isadore Skoloff, Joseph Adoff, Benjamin Ratner, Aaron Goldfarb, Maxine Hemmendinger, Ruding Kafka, David Goldkopf, Fannie Neiss; second violins, Joseph Rothenberg, Leonard Jacobs, Harry Weisman, Harold Dwork, Philip Potash, George Gilman, Philip Markowitz, Leonard Shapiner, Robert Conmont, James McGrane, Harris Schochet; bass viol, David Rothenberg; cornet players, Morris Reitter and William Watherspoon; French horn, Henry Kiselik; trombone, Morris Briedt, and pianist, Robert Rudolff.

Lohse: "Some one said that the Crown Prince was half-witted."

Lipschitz: "Who gave the boob such a boost?"



# IN THE PIVOTAL

## BY PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF 1B's IN CENTRAL, BOARD OF EDUCATION SAVES LARGE SUM

In these days of high speed and multiple production, coupled with maximum efficiency and low cost, it is worth while to note any factors contributing to the general economic betterment.

We have here in Central a large body of 1B's, many of whom are taking the technical course. These beginners all have work in the joinery shops of Mr. Langlas and Mr. Klenke. Instead of putting their efforts on useless and wasteful exercises, after acquiring a certain degree of skill, these 1B's are put to work at constructing various useful articles of shop furniture.

There are in construction twenty-two joinery shop benches, ten of which are already completed.

The benches are designed to include several features and conveniences which were found to be lacking on those obtainable for the trade.



The size is two feet wide by four feet long by three feet high. The tops are made of a select quality of maple, two and one-half inches thick and hand-scraped. At the back of the top is a depression or tray used as a receptacle for tools. There is usually immediately beneath the top, a drawer extending the whole width and nearly the whole length of the bench, but this has been eliminated on these new Central models as an inconvenient adjunct. In place of this drawer an open shelf is provided, which enables the student to stow away all unnecessary paraphernalia which would formerly have interfered with his freedom of action. Beneath this shelf is a set of six drawers, arranged in two rows, which are for each student's individual cutting tools. The fronts of these drawers are made of chestnut, while the remainder is of sound, knotty pine. In the purchased benches, by simply removing one drawer, the drawer immediately beneath could be laid bare to intruding hands, but in Central's model, there is a stationary partition between the drawers, which makes for added security. Instead of having an open bottom these benches are built clear to the floor, which saves work for the janitor, as he does not have to dig under, and dislodge

accumulated shavings. The front is finished with a dark stain, which furnishes a good background for the brass handles of the drawers. The rest is finished with a high stain and the whole is covered with a smooth varnished finish. The color scheme of the whole is in pleasing harmony with the rest of the shop.

The equipment consists of a head and a tail vise made in the Central machine shop, under the supervision of Mr. Moore, head of the Technical Department. Arranged with an eye for utility, there are fastened to the rear and the two sides numerous appliances for the handling of tools. This is an improvement over the old forms.

To save labor, which was practically lessened by half, many parts were cut and shaped in the various mill and shop machines of the school.

Despite the various improvements and additions, these benches are being constructed at less than half the cost price of similar ones.

In addition to this form there is being designed in the mechanical drawing department of Central a double bench, with the intention of conserving space by the elimination of an aisle between.



A further saving is being effected for the Board of Education by our technical 1B's in the construction of fifty small chairs for the kindergartens of our grammar schools.

These chairs are made entirely of quartered oak and stand twenty inches high with a maximum breadth of thirteen and one-half inches. They have four legs and a raised back. All dimensions are of ample size, so that the result is a durable, handsome piece of furniture.

At the most, one of these chairs will cost fifty cents, or at least two hundred per cent. less than that at which they could be bought.

This practical application of principles taught at Central will be further carried on by the students as they advance through the successive grades of shop work. This marks a departure from the old routine of teaching, in the direction of progress and efficiency.



## REGULAR STAFF OF THE PIVOT



Top row: Saul Lipschitz, Philip Gepner and Saul Tischler.  
 Third row: Principal Wiener, Verna Kinsey, Hilda Jaixen, Rose Karalunsky—(our room agent again)—and Mr. Arnao.  
 Second row: Robert Caruba, Morton Bermann, Harold Brown, Albert Zweibel, Sol Pressler and Eugene Donnelly.  
 Bottom row: Selma Decker, Nellie Sukerman, Gladys Jones, and Louis Herman.

## JOINT MEETING OF MATHEMATICS TEACHERS

On May 3rd, in Central, there was a meeting of the Association of Teachers of Mathematics in the Middle States and Maryland and the Association of Mathematics Teachers of New Jersey.

Principal William Wiener opened the morning session with an address of welcome. The response was made by Dean Herbert E. Hawks, of Columbia University.

The afternoon session was opened by Mr. Harrison E. Webb, whose address was on "Certain Undefined Elements and Tacit Assumptions in the First Book of Euclid's Elements."

Two officers of the New Jersey Association are Central teachers. Mr. Webb is President and Mr. Hegeman is the Secretary-Treasurer.

## TENNIS CLUB ORGANIZES

Through the untiring and incessant efforts of Harry Sherman and Herman Pertzowitz, a tennis club was recently formed in the school. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: President, Julian Berla; vice-president, Amelia Landenberger; secretary-treasurer, Harry W. Sherman; G. O. Delegate, Louis Gabrowitz. Mr. Orrin W. Snodgrass has consented to act as faculty adviser for the club.

All those interested in the project are urged to come to Room 212 the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

## FRIENDLY CRITICISM OF THE PIVOT

By ROSE BASKIN, of June, '17  
 (Former Editor of THE PIVOT)

Dear PIVOT:

Howdee! Glad to see you. Same old brisk and cheerful spirit, I see. New virtues and new faults added to the old. Which is a good thing, when you think of it, and even when you don't.

I notice with pleasure an editorial named "Do You Wear Smoked Glasses?" An article like that in the editorial column (where necessary but uninteresting didactic statements are the rule) is a pleasant relief. Whoever wrote it—do it again, and lots more.

My friend, will you never grow up in the matter of fiction? You must learn that your readers are not all children, and may require stories a little more grown-up in tone than "Spoiled Strategy."

Now for your joke department (for which I've always had a secret tenderness). Some of the jokes are very good, and some are old. I'm sure folks would forgive you a smaller collection sooner than they do repetition. But one does not quarrel with the established eccentricities of an old friend.

Between you and me and the school, dear PIVOT, I've never been feverishly interested in athletics. So I was prepared to read your sport news with my usual hop, skip and a jump. But those write-ups certainly got hold of my attention and pinned it down to those pages. Nothing amateurish about them, nor about the School News write-ups.

Anyway, your general tone is a little more grown-up than when I saw you last. I hope it will be still more so when I see you again.

## CLASSROOM REPORTERS

The following have been acting as reporters for classrooms: Hannah Grossman, 101; Norman C. Hall, 102; Sadie Oliner, 103; Ralph Cather, 104; Anna Kunich, 109; Gladys Jones, 110; Henry Kise-lik, 203; Celia Graybill, 204; Ida Perkins, 205; Ellis Hahn, 210; Bertha Gelfand, 211; Jack Steinberg, 213; Gertrud Fantl, 214; Grace Cooper, 215; Ruth Appelt, 216; Isadore Schary, 217; Ambrose Sitzler, 218; Louis Goldman, 301; Gerald W. Higgons, 303; Harry Sykes, 304; Harold Brown, 305; Sam Hailperin, 308; Serena Greenberg, 309; Sam Marcus, 310; Joseph Balk, 314; Harry Gross, 316; Ruth Phillipson, 317; Mathew Kraftowitz, 320; Adrian Frank, 404; Carl Kiel, 408; Martha Schutzman, 409; Edith Wiegmann, 410; Sophie Gelbond, 411; Fannie Kirschner, 414; Alex. Sherman, 415; Alma Cers, 416; Bessie Matlin, 417.

If your room is not well represented in THE PIVOT, see your reporter.



## Sons and Daughters of Our Faculty

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RHODA CALMAN, DAUGHTER OF  
MR. and MRS. GUSTAV CALMAN



CECIL ALFRED SMITH, SON OF  
MR. and MRS. R. A. L. SMITH



DONALD DICKERSON, SON OF  
MR. and MRS. E. L. DICKERSON



MARIAN, RUTH, and ANNA, DAUGHTERS OF  
MR. and MRS. W. B. GRIFFIN



# THE PIVOTAL



MR. JOHN B. BROWN AND HIS SONS,  
GORDON AND KENNETH



FAITH McMILLAN, DAUGHTER OF  
MR. and MRS. DANIEL A. McMILLIN



ELIZABETH AND HELEN BARBOUR, DAUGHTERS  
OF MR. and MRS. W. C. BARBOUR



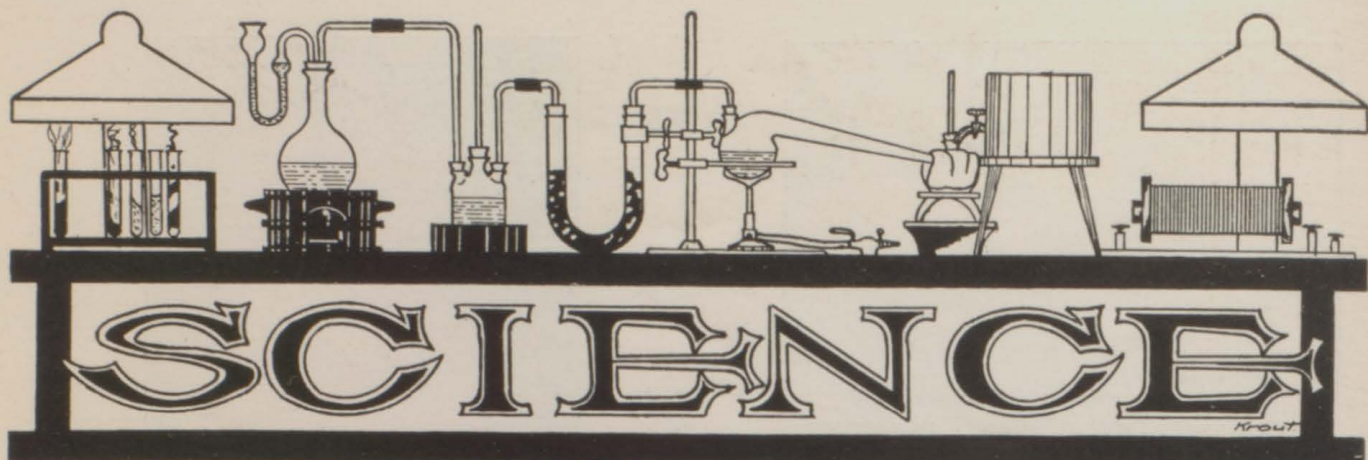
FREDERICK ORNER, SON OF  
MR. and MRS. GEORGE D. ORNER



RICHARD A. HERZBERG, SON OF  
MR. and MRS. MAX J. HERZBERG



# THE PIVOTS



By GEORGE ROSENBLUM

## YOUR FAVORITE SHOE PASTE

We use shoe paste continually and yet we never stop to consider the elements and compounds that go to make up this paste. The paste is made of a mixture of lamp-black, oil, a small quantity of molasses, a little vinegar and a little concentrated sulphuric acid. These materials are ground together until a smooth paste results. All shoe pastes are made practically the same way, the only difference being the trade mark it bears.

## WHY WE USE BLUEING

In washing clothes a blue coloring matter is used to make white cloth "cleaner." In fact we make our clothes dirtier chemically when we add this blue coloring matter to the clothes. The white linen, after it is dried by the sun, is yellowish, and in order to make the clothes *look whiter* and not to make them cleaner, we use a blue coloring matter. We must use a blue coloring matter and can use no other color because yellow and blue are complimentary colors; that is, they mix to produce on the eye the impression of white light. The yellow of the sun-bleached linen and the blue of the blueing produce the impression of white light.

## RED INK

When correcting your experiments you find you are short of red ink, mix one volume of Ferric Chloride and three volumes of Potassium Sulphurcyanide. The result is a red ink.

When it is impossible to loosen your fountain pen to fill, loop your handkerchief around the pen near the thread. Hold one end of the handkerchief tight and pull on the other and the pen will soon come loose—perhaps.

## ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS

How many of you know diamonds consist of the same substance as charcoal does, namely carbon? Small diamonds can be made by heating, in an electric furnace, iron mixed with pure carbon until a temperature of about 3,500 degrees is reached. The mixture is then suddenly cooled by plunging it into cold water, thus solidifying the outside crust of iron while the interior remains a molten mass. The interior is under severe pressure, as the iron expands when cooling and the interior gradually cools. The iron is then dissolved by sulphuric acid to separate the iron from the diamonds.

Corporal Cecil A. Smith, son of Mr. R. A. Lassett Smith, Head of the Music Department, has been in the Chemical Warfare Service, stationed at Yale University. Smith was a Centralite for two years.

Ted Koerner, 3rd Co. C. A. C., Post Hospital, Fort Hamilton, N. Y., writes: "Much obliged for THE PIVOTS. Feeling fine."

Clifford L. Conklin is on the U. S. S. Wyoming.

## I B'S, THIS WAY!

George Cooper, our assistant circulation manager, has sold 160 copies of the Central Handbooks so far this term. Mr. D. A. McMillin, Head of the Commercial Department, has 850 more copies on hand. The booklet contains 94 pages of useful information and is on sale in 412 at

5 Cents a Copy

Why not get yours today?

**Cheer Central "Over the Home Plate"—May 29**





## HONOR ROLL



101  
Katherine Bachtold  
Gussie Blank  
Gertrude Bosek

103  
Esther Kesselman  
Lillian Lake  
Louise Meyerson  
Ruth Park  
Rose Rinsky

104  
Lester Dunn

106  
Eugene Donnelly

108  
Herbert Ryan

109  
Anna Kunich

110  
Gertrude Ashbey  
Mae Kampf  
Louis Kite  
Jacob Nagrodsky  
George Rosenblum

202  
Viola Hammerschlag  
Doris Hupp  
Christine Manderson

204  
Helen Peterson

206  
Hilda Jaixen  
Sadie Rosenbaum

207  
Adele Wilson

210  
Harry Richman  
Jacob Schmukler

211  
Anna Bednarczyk  
Bertha Gelfand  
Isadore Grabenchik  
Morris Grunt

212  
Clara Kleiber  
Edna Kritzmacher  
Anna Lipkowitz  
Florence Loebel  
Mildred Stahl

214  
Gertrude Fantl  
Ruth Hodecker  
Alwena Kays  
Gertrude Kobran  
Hilda Loebel

215  
Gertrude Lees  
Bella Levey

216  
Ruth Appelt  
Lillian Handler  
Ella Pickarsky

217  
Edward Jellinek

218  
Wilhelmina Decker

219  
Elizabeth Jay  
Evelyn Miller  
Lavinia von Knobloch

303  
Esther Barton  
Helen Brown  
Gerald W. Higgons  
Blenda Jeppson  
Mildred Lippman  
Lillian Rosenbaum  
Cecelia Schein  
Freida Weckerle

305  
Harold Brown

308  
Morris Bornstein  
Simon Griffinger  
Sam Hailperin  
Ben Krim

309  
Elsie Meyer  
Evelyn Vermilye

310  
William Blum  
Carl Brueggeman  
Lee Horland  
Alfred Rauch

314  
Alex. Demeter

317  
Beatrice Bottelli  
Louise Kindsvogel  
Dorothy Leichtling  
Alice Plant  
Libbie Satz

318  
Ethel Abrams  
Leonard Peretz

319  
Ruth Deininger  
Augusta Dietz

401  
Pauline Corbett  
Dorothy Mulgrave  
Gussie Ostrowsky  
Elsie Samowitz

402  
Rudolph Marshall

408  
Wallace Murphy

409  
Bertha Volk

410  
Eva Melamed

411  
Charlotte Gegenheimer  
Eva Gerbinsky  
Fannie Greenberg  
Ruth Greenfield

412  
Anna Hoffman  
Thelma Ruffkess  
Mildred Schwartz

413  
Frank Young

414  
Sylvester Klein

416  
Sarah Stein

The name of Corrine Block, of 319, should have appeared in the Honor Roll of March. It was omitted by accident.

Mr. Edgar L. Dickerson attended a rousing little class reunion of the boys of '98, Newark High School, on Saturday, April 26th.

*We'll rap out another "screeching double to left." When? On May 29. Be on hand, Centralites.*



## RULES OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE

*Debaters, Keep this Page for Reference.*

### CONDENSED RULES APPLICABLE TO REFERENCES.

Trace each motion to its respective references on the next page.

Motion to adjourn.....	1 a * B a II x
Motion to determine time to which to adjourn .....	2 a † A a II x
Motion to amend.....	3 a † A a II x
Motion to amend an amendment....	3 a * A a II x
Motion to amend the rules.....	3 a † A b II x
Motion to appeal from Speaker's decision <i>in re</i> indecorum.....	1 a † A a II y
Motion to appeal from Speaker's decision generally .....	3 a * A a II y
Call to order .....	1 a * A a III y
Motion to extend limits of debate on question .....	1 a † A a II y
Leave to continue speaking after indecorum .....	1 a * A a II x
Motion to lay on the table.....	1 a * C a II x
Motion to limit debate on question..	1 a † A b II x
Objection to consideration of question .....	1 a * A b III
Motion for the orders of the day...	1 a * A a III y
Motion to postpone to definite time..	4 a † A a II x
Motion to postpone indefinitely.....	3 b * A a II x
Motion for previous question.....	1 a * A b II x
Questions touching priority of business .....	1 a † A a II x
Questions of privilege.....	3 a † A a II x
Reading papers .....	1 a * A a II x
Motion to reconsider a debatable question .....	3 b * B a II z
Motion to reconsider an undebatable question .....	1 a * B a II z
Motion to refer a question.....	3 b † A a II x
Motion that committee do now rise..	1 a * B a II x
Motion to make subject a special order .....	3 a † A b II x
To substitute in the nature of an amendment .....	3 a † A a II x
Motion to suspend the rule.....	1 a * B b II x
Motion to take from the table.....	1 a * C a II x
To take up question out of its proper order .....	1 a * A b II x
Motion to withdraw a motion.....	1 a * A a II x

### EXPLANATION OF SIGNS.

1. Question undebatable; sometimes remarks tacitly allowed.
2. Undebatable if another question is before the assembly.

3. Debatable question.
4. Limited debate only on propriety of postponement.
  - a. Does not allow reference to main question.
  - b. Opens the main question to debate.
- \* Cannot be amended.
- † May be amended.
- A. Can be reconsidered.
- B. Cannot be reconsidered.
- C. An affirmative vote on this question cannot be reconsidered.
  - b. Requires two-third vote unless special rules have been enacted.
- a. Simple majority suffices to determine the question.
- II. Motion must be seconded.
- III. Does not require to be seconded.
  - x. Not in order when another has the floor.
  - y. Always in order though another may have the floor.
  - z. May be moved and entered on the record when another has the floor, but the business then before the assembly may not be put aside. The motion must be made by one who voted with the prevailing side, and on the same day the original vote was taken.

### PRIVILEGED QUESTIONS.

#### PRIVILEGED MOTIONS:

- 1.—To fix a time to which to adjourn. S. D. A. R.
- 2.—To adjourn. S.
- 3.—To take a recess. S.

#### QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE:

- 4.—Concerning the assembly. I.
  - 5.—Concerning a member. I.
- The Main Question.*

### SUBSIDIARY MOTIONS.

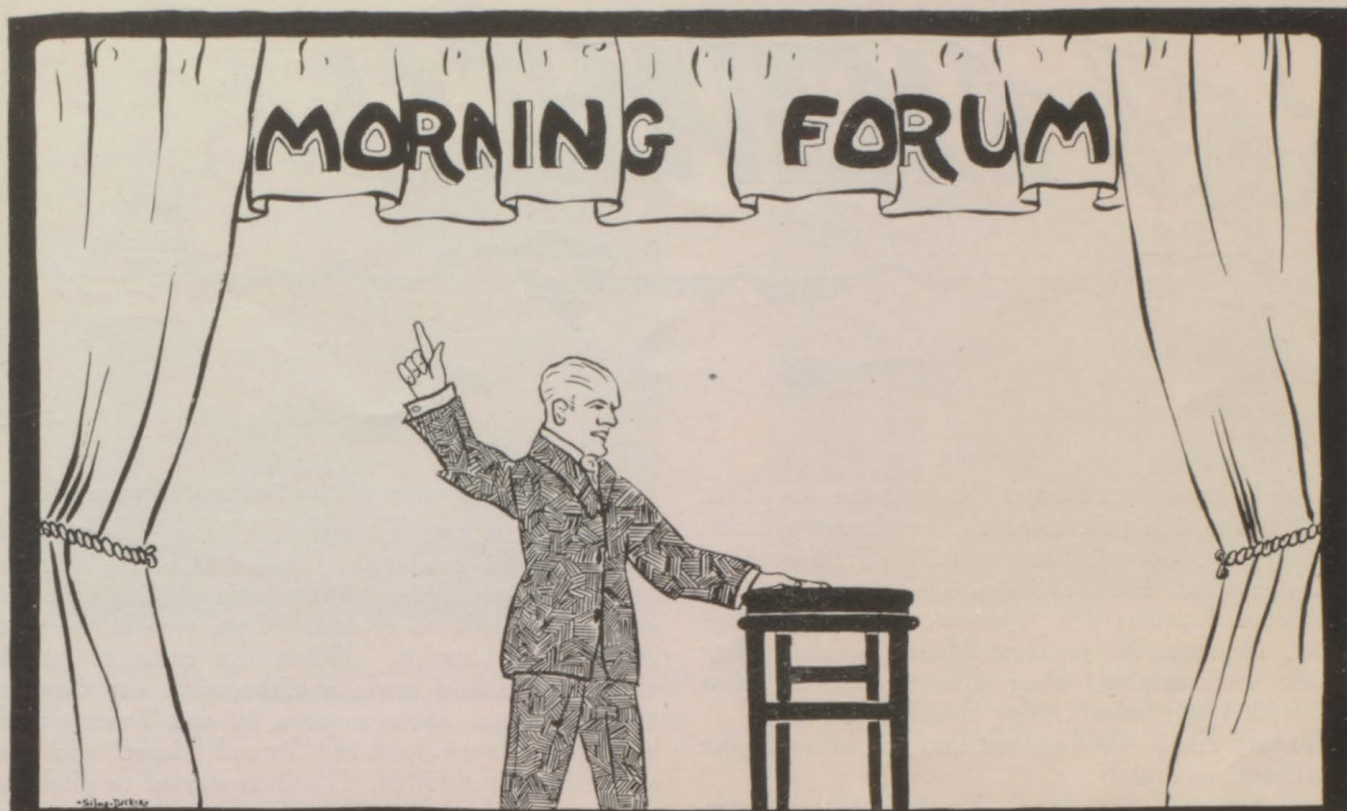
- 1.—Question of consideration. I.  $\frac{2}{3}$  neg. R.
- 2.—To lay on the table. F. S.
- 3.—
 

[The previous question. F. S. $\frac{2}{3}$ aff. R.
To postpone to a certain day. F.S.D.A.R.
To commit, recommit or refer. F.S.D.A.R.
To postpone indefinitely. F. S. D. R.
- 4.—To amend. F. S. D. A. R.

### EXPLANATION OF SIGNS.

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| F. Must get the floor.      | R. Can be reconsidered.                        |
| S. Motion must be seconded. | I. May interrupt a speaker.                    |
| D. Can be debated.          | $\frac{2}{3}$ . A two-thirds vote is required. |
| A. Can be amended.          |  |





*Newton Mulford*, "Slang, Its Origin and Use," March 20.—Your speech was very well given and cleverly prepared.

*Daniel Capiello*, "Italy's Part in the War," March 18.—Your speech was appreciated by all because of its clear-cut and forceful delivery.

*Margaret Streunig*, "Military Hospitals," March 25.—Your speech was enjoyed by all.

*Etta Hopfengartner*, "Soldiers' Lack of Hate," March 27.—Your speech was marred by your rapid delivery. However, your topic was interesting.

*Estelle Macow*, "Madame Schumann-Heink," March 27.—Your speech was interesting, though delivered a trifle fast.

*Lillian Goldstein*, "Judges and Justice," March 28.—Yours was a very interesting topic, but your voice was too strained.

*Rae Kleinberg*, "Daylight-Saving Plan," March 28.—You spoke too quickly for everyone to appreciate your talk.

*Mr. Joseph Rowan*, "Memorial Fund," March 28.—Your message was taken to heart by all.

*Alyce Moskowitz*, "A Phase of Dancing," March 31.—Your speech was well delivered.

*Milton Marx*, "Pan-American Union," March 31.—Your talk was exceedingly interesting.

*Estelle Bohrer*, "Stenography," March 31.—It is needless to say that your facts were true.

*Leonard Knecht*, "Prohibition," April 3.—Your preparation and delivery were excellent.

*Dominic Verniero*, "League of Nations," March 30.—Your speech was exceptionally well received.

*Carl Kleiber*, "Trans-Atlantic Flight," April 4.—Your topic was very timely and hence appreciated.

*Sam Harkavy*, "Education, An Important Factor for Future Peace," April 4.—Your topic was exceedingly interesting, but your delivery was too rapid.

*Russell Arnold*, "The U. S. S. Leviathan," April 4.—Your facts were well arranged and very interesting.

*Arthur Brand*, "Point-No-Point Power Station," April 7.—Your tone was very monotonous, and this marred an otherwise interesting talk.

*Fred Freibott*, "Scientific Hanging," April 7.—Your talk was well received because of its humorous touches.

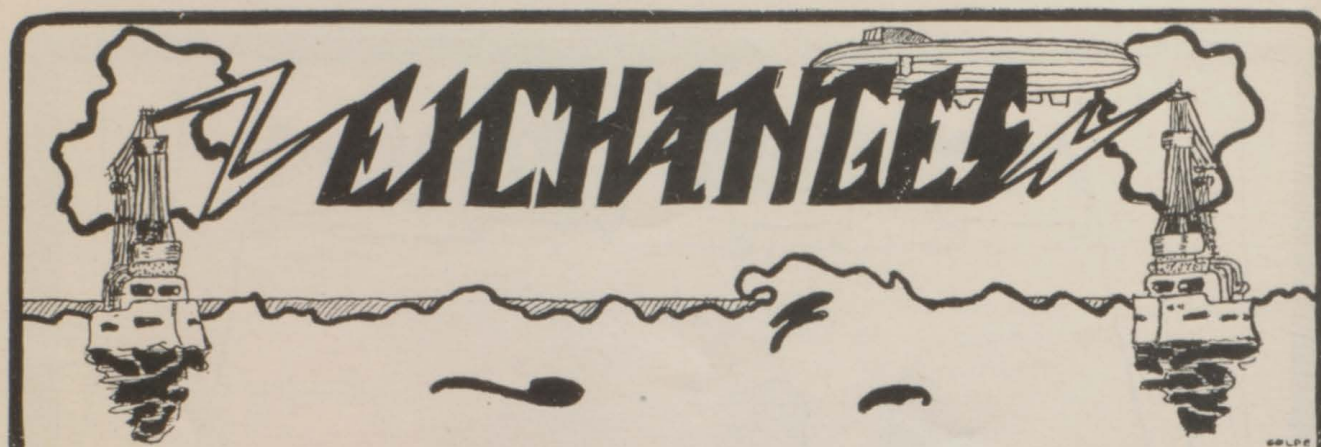
*Molly Braelow*, "Newspapers of Revolutionary Days and Today," April 8.—Rapid delivery spoiled the effect of your speech.

*Violet Kiehm*, "General Joffre," April 9.—Your speech was very well prepared, but your voice did not reach everyone.

*Esther Slatin*, "The Colleoni Statue," April 9.—Your position was very poor and you spoke indistinctly.

*Rose Dwork*, "Types of Faces."—Your greatest fault was either lack of preparation or nervousness. Try again.





The following exchanges have come to THE PIVOT during the past month: *The Roxbury Echo*, Roxbury High School, Succasunna, N. J.; *The Kansas Industrialist*, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas; *The Optimist*, South Side High School, Newark, N. J.; *The Mirror*, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Advocate*, New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N. J.

*Roxbury Echo*—We suggest that you arrange your departments separately.

*The Kansas Industrialist*—Yours is a very interesting paper for a weekly.

*The Advocate*—We would suggest more jokes.

*The Optimist*—Your literary department is exceptionally good.

*The Mirror*—Your column, entitled "Chicken and Ducks Department," is very interesting. Your literary department is commendable.

## A Prayer of the A. E. F.

"Our Father, which art in Washington, hurried be thy name. Give us this day our delayed pay, and forgive us our A. W. O. L.'s as we forgive the Bugler and the Mess Sergeant, and all those who wear bars. Lead us not into the Army of Occupation, but deliver us from the Fatigue Squad; for thine is the Army, and the M. P., and the Q. M., and the Field Clerks, for ever and ever, Ah, oui!"—*Ex.*

## Why Not?

The teacher told the class of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast. Jimmy raised his hand and said: "Teacher, why didn't he make it four times and get back to the side where his clothes were?"—*Ex.*

## What Worried Him

Detective: "Give me a description of the missing cashier. How tall was he?"

Boss: "I don't know how tall he is, but he's \$3,000 short."—*Ex.*

## The Opening of the Baseball Season

The game opened with Molasses at the stick. Smallpox was catching. Cigar was in the box and had plenty of smoke. Horn was playing first base and Fiddle was on second. Corn was in the field. Apple was Umpire. When Ax came to bat he chopped one and made a Cake walk and Sawdust filled the bags. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Every foot of Ground kicked and they said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch but went up in the air. Then Cherry tried it but was wild. When Spider caught the Fly everybody cheered. Needle tried to Umpire. He was sharp enough but had only one eye. Ice kept cool until he was hit by a pitched ball; then you should have heard the Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field. Organ refused to play. Hornet stung the ball but it fell into the hands of Clock. Bread loafed around until they put him out. In the fifth inning Wind blowed around what he could do and Hammer began to knock; then the trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. The crowd roasted Peanut all through the game, and everybody kicked when they put Light out. Then Meat was put out at the plate. The score was 1 to 0 and the game was over. Door said that if he had pitched he would have shut them out. There was a lot of betting on the game and Soap cleaned up, but Eggs went broke.—*Ex.*

"When you punish your boy, do you spring that old one on him about how you are only doing it because you love him?"

"We have a friend who tried that, and his son said, 'If I were big enough, Dad, I'd return your love.'"—*Ex.*

This cheek dancing some of 'em do nowadays may be a terpsichorean art, but it looks a lot more like a malignant type of colic.—*Kansas Industrialist.*



# THE PIVOT

## TWO NEW CLASSES AT CENTRAL



The necessity of an Advanced Algebra class was realized by several students who were interested in higher mathematics. With the aid of Mr. Webb an Advanced Algebra class has been formed, which has been studying the topics outlined in the syllabus of the College Entrance Examination Board.

From left to right the members of the class are: Mr. Webb, Frank Gartenberg, Louis Prag, Samuel Hailperin, Maxwell Klugman, William Levey.



A surveying class has been formed this term with Mr. Orner as class teacher. The class has been doing very excellent work. Several trips have been taken to nearby parks, and a survey of the school has been taken.

Standing, from left to right: Maxwell Klugman, Kenneth Rossnagel, Mr. Orner, Julian Berla, Herbert Wanderer. Lower row, left to right: Louis Prag, Samson Tischler, Henry Ruff.

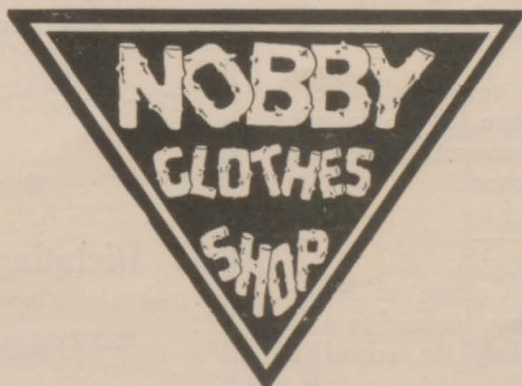
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# THE PIVOT

## WHO'S WHO IN 210 AND WHY

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Secretary, C. S. C.  
Circulation Manager, THE PIVOT.
- MORTON BERMAN  
Staff Photographer, THE PIVOT.
- DANIEL CAPIELLO  
Assistant Manager, Football Team.  
Assistant Manager, Baseball Team.
- SAUL LIPSCHITZ  
City Editor, THE PIVOT.  
Manager Friday Afternoon Dances.
- VESPASIAN PENNELL  
Track Team.  
Member of Executive Committee, G. O.
- JACOB SCHMUCKLER  
President, 4B Class.  
PIVOT Reporter.
- SAM BERKOWITZ  
President, 4A Class.  
Vice-President, C. S. C.
- SAUL TISCHLER  
Chief of Reportorial Staff, THE PIVOT.  
President, Alphas.

## PENNELL, ROSENBLUTH, AND DONNELLY WIN PRIZES

Vespasian Pennell was awarded a prize of \$3.00 for selling the largest number of 50-cent tickets for the Central Indoor Meet. He disposed of 49. A second prize of \$2.00 went to Arnold Rosenbluth for selling 23 tickets. Eugene Donnelly was awarded a third prize of \$1.00 for selling 16 tickets.

Fred Lohse, of 210, has been compelled, after a severe attack of pneumonia, to leave for the farm to recuperate. He is now at Thurmount, Maryland, and sends his best wishes to the school.

Genevieve Noonan is at the College of Mount Saint Mary, taking a regular course leading to a B. A. degree. She is also attending the school of music.

Irving Nacht, former Central student and ex-editor of the *Camouflage*, is now a member of the office force of Louis Sacks, Inc.



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# THE PIVOT

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, MARCH 31, 1919

WHEREAS, There are approximately 2,000 public-school teachers in the City of Newark; and

WHEREAS, The constitution of the newly-organized Newark Teachers' Association provides that 100 teachers or principals present at any meeting shall constitute a quorum, of whom a majority of 51 can transact any business from amending the constitution to electing officers; and

WHEREAS, Such an arrangement does not encourage the expression of a consensus of opinion by the rank and file of the teachers of Newark; and

WHEREAS, The expression of a consensus of opinion by the rank and file of our teachers should be the main object of such an association; therefore, be it  
*Resolved*, By the Faculty of the Central High School, that it would be unwise to join the Newark Teachers' Association as at present constituted; and be it further

*Resolved*, That the following changes in the constitution of the Newark Teachers' Association be requested:

1. That all nominations be made by general pri-

mary among the various sets of teachers in the nine groups designated on the ballot, and that all candidates for nomination be required to make known their views on issues affecting the general welfare.

2. That every member who has paid his dues be mailed a numbered ballot, together with a stamped return envelope.

3. That all ballots be opened, checked and tabulated in the presence of representatives of the schools of the city.

4. That all special issues affecting the welfare of the teachers and pupils of the city schools be decided by a general mail ballot.

5. That a questionnaire on matters of local, state and federal educational policy be submitted to the teachers of the entire city at least once a year, with provision for the return of the questionnaire by mail, and for publicity of the results as a consensus of educational opinion in Newark.

And be it further

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Newark Teachers' Association, to each of the

(Continued on page 71)

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(Continued from page 70)

fourteen teachers' organizations in Newark in existence before the Newark Teachers' Association was constituted, and to the newspapers.

On the day following the adoption of this resolution only 236 ballots were cast, although 1,300 teachers had paid dues. Eighty per cent. of the members failed to vote, because, in order to vote, a member had to appear in person at the Central High School. The Central High School faculty, if it had wanted to, could have polled 87 votes, but, as an act of courtesy to the faculties of the other schools, for whom it was less convenient to vote, the Central teachers refrained from voting.

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### A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Talented young people, present and ex-students of Central High School, are now students of The Thomas School of Art. Read what they have to say:

From Joseph Ainbinder

I am with the Thomas School of Art and am receiving a practical training in Commercial Illustrating and Fashion Drawing. I personally recommend the Thomas School of Art to all Art students who wish to learn drawing as a money earning profession.

(Signed) JOSEPH G. AINBINDER.

From Louis Melchionne

Since I became a student in The Thomas School of Art I have learned what real commercial illustrations and fashion drawing look like, and my work is becoming more practical every day. My father is so well satisfied with my progress that he has made a contract for my complete training in this school.

(Signed) LOUIS MELCHIONNE.

From Alex Donner

The thorough and practical instruction that I am receiving in The Thomas School of Art is enabling me to make such rapid progress in illustrating and drawing that I sincerely recommend this school for any person who wants to qualify to earn his living as an artist.

(Signed) ALEX DONNER.

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From Miss Selma Decker

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(Signed) SELMA J. C. DECKER.

**A LETTER FROM SELMA DECKER'S  
FATHER INDORSING THE THOMAS  
SCHOOL OF ART**

(Copy)

February 17th, 1919.

Mr. B. F. Thomas,  
353 Broad St.,  
Newark, N. J.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I want to tell you how well pleased I am with the progress that has been made by my daughter, Selma Decker, in her special art course in your school.

The result has really been amazing to me considering the short time that she has been under your direction, and I now feel confident that she will surely develop into a top-notch in her particular line of work.

If at any time you find it necessary to refer any of your prospective pupils to me as a reference, I will be very glad to tell them what I have observed of your wonderfully efficient methods of teaching art in all its branches.


Wishing you an abundance of prosperity (which you are certainly entitled to), I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM O. DECKER.



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 Sat., May 17—Enid Bennett....."Partners Three"  
 Sun., May 18—Constance Talmadge....."Who Cares"  
 Mon., May 19—Dorothy Gish....."Peppy Polly"  
 Tues., May 20—Wm. S. Hart....."Poppy Girl's Husband"  
 Wed. and Thurs., May 21-22—  
 Anita Stewart....."The Midnight Romance"  
 Fri., May 23—June Elvidge....."The Social Pirate"  
 Sat., May 24—Mae Marsh....."Spot Light Sadie"  
 Sun., May 25—Mitchell Lewis....."Children of Banishment"  
 Mon., May 26—George Walsh....."Never Say Quit"  
 Tues., May 27—John Barrymore....."The Test of Honor"  
 Wed., May 28—Evelyn Nesbit....."Thou Shalt Not"  
 Thurs., May 29—Louise Huff....."Oh, You Women"  
 Also—Gladys Brockwell....."A Gamble of Souls"  
 Fri., May 30—D. W. Griffith's....."The Girl Who Stayed  
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 Sat., May 31—Elsie Ferguson....."Eye of the Soul"



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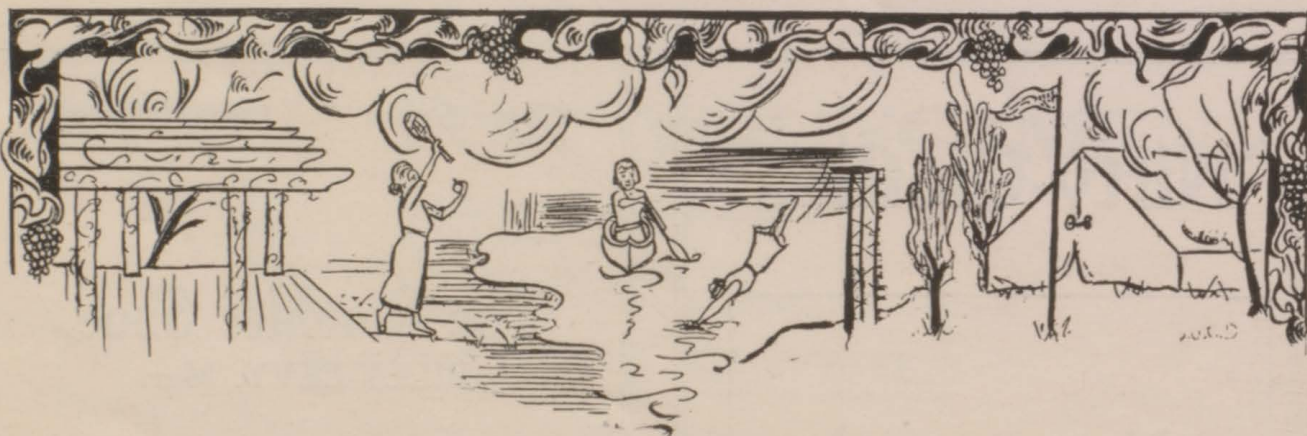
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